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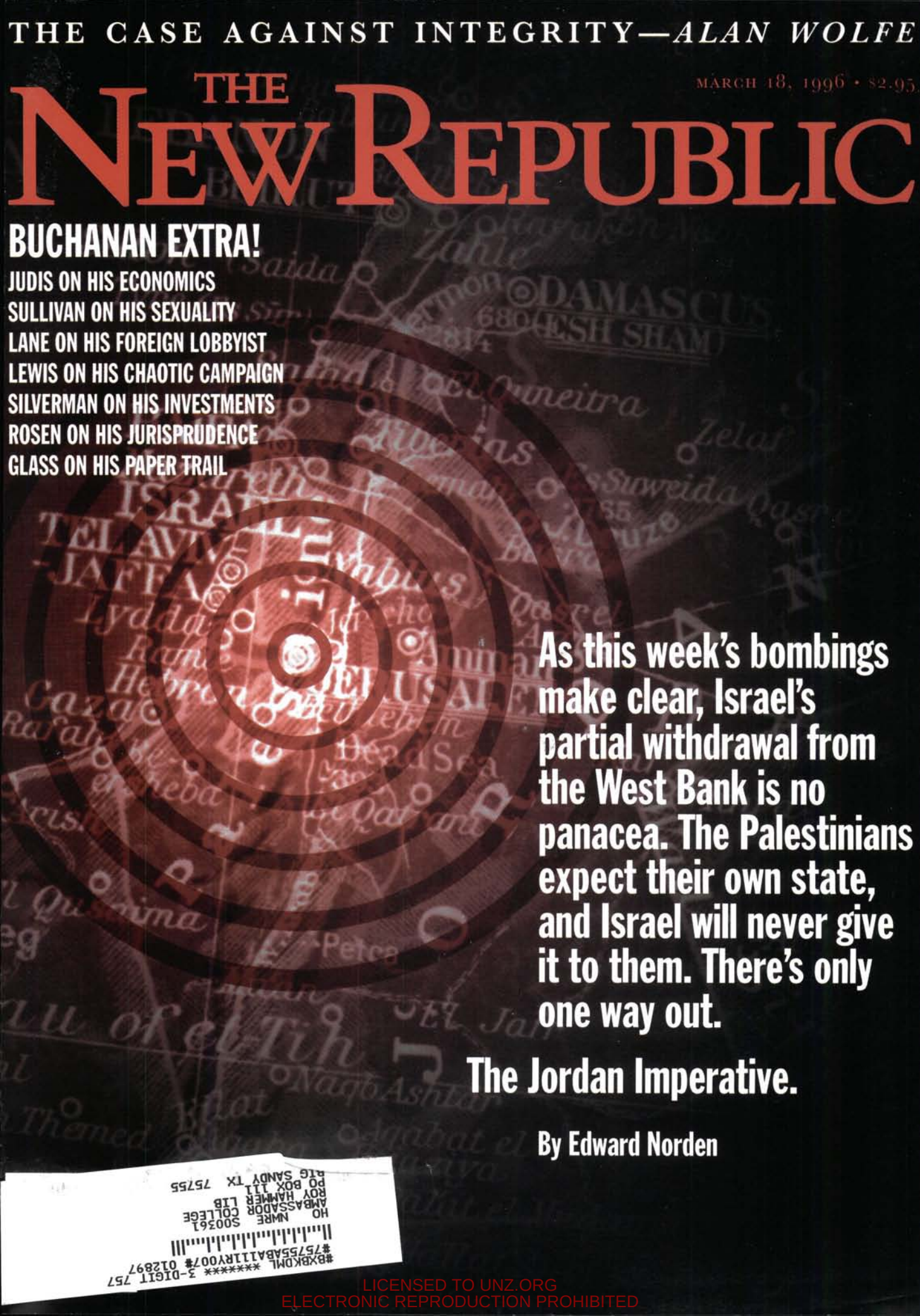

As this week's bombings make clear, Israel's partial withdrawal from the West Bank is no panacea. The Palestinians expect their own state, and Israel will never give it to them. There's only one way out.

The Jordan Imperative.

By Edward Norden

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Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

Bad Medicine

Most people probably did not notice that the Contract with America promised to pass a law affirming parents' rights and responsibilities in regard to their children. Those who did probably assumed it was a harmless example of motherhood and apple pie. They were wrong. When you take a good look at it, the bill turns out to be extremely destructive.

The Parental Rights and Responsibilities Act makes individual parents the sole judges of what is best for their children educationally and authorizes them to demand it from local schools. The law is vaguely worded so we'll undoubtedly see a flood of lawsuits to determine how far these rights extend. But a couple of things are obvious. The law is an invitation for parents to sue schools, or even teachers, who act contrary to the parents' ideas of what their child's education should be—and when that happens, the schools and teachers are likely to lose.

The bill is an unfunded federal mandate, and it's a whopper.

At a minimum, the law gives parents the right to dictate the curriculum their child follows. This means that in a school of 300 students, the teachers and administrators might be forced to provide...how many different designer curricula? One hundred? Two hundred? Maybe not, but imagine the chaos if the school had to provide even 10 or 15 or 20 additional curricula. Of course we could expect a science curriculum for children whose parents are creationists. And why not curricula for Black separatists or neo-Marxists? It's the parents' call.

Even if parents are mostly satisfied with the standard curriculum, the law would still permit them to reject some courses. You don't think Bobby should have to study biology because you have moral objections (or because he doesn't think he'll like it)? Since you are the final arbiter of his education, you can pull him out. If the school objects because the course is a requirement, you can mount a court challenge—and you will have a good chance of winning.

The Parental Rights and Responsibilities Act would also give parents the power to decide which school rules apply to their children. In the past, parents have challenged schools on all kinds of rules and decisions with which they disagreed—no pass/no play regulations, student hair and dress codes, teachers' grading decisions, to name a few. The courts have generally upheld the schools if they could establish that rules, or programs, were "reasonable" or served a "legitimate pedagogical" purpose. If this law passes, schools will have to meet a tough, new standard. They will have to prove that curricula and regulations with which parents disagree are "essential to meet a compelling governmental interest" and are the "least restrictive means" of accomplishing that interest. This test is usually reserved for First Amendment issues, and it is practically impossible to meet. For example, in a famous 1989 dial-a-porn case, restrictions on the company were struck down because the government could *not* show it had a "compelling interest" in protecting children from telephone filth. With a standard of proof like that, schools will be tempted simply to give demanding parents what they want.

But even if schools avoid court challenges, the financial demands of the law will be crushing. Suppose every school in the country has to hire one more teacher in order to accommodate demands for designer curricula—an extremely conservative estimate. That would cost local school districts $3.3 billion the first year. The people who are pushing this legislation don't suggest that if parents want to call all the shots in their children's education, parents should also take over paying for it. Neither do they describe the bill as an unfunded federal mandate, but that's what it is, and it's a whopper.

Schools will not be the only ones threatened by litigation. Teachers, too, can be taken to court and may be personally liable for anything they teach that goes contrary to the various standards of various parents. Will they be willing to endanger their livelihoods and savings so they can teach Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, which romanticizes suicide and disobedience to parents? Of course not. Most teachers will probably try not to teach anything that will offend anybody—if they can figure out what that might be.

Devastating though this law would be from an educational and financial point of view, it is still worse from a social one. Bringing together a diverse group of children to learn the same things is essential in creating a common civic culture. If the schools are forced to abandon this role and bow to the particular demand of every parent, we will lose the glue that has held our society together.

If you think that a law as foolish and misguided as this will simply disappear, you had better think again. The Parental Rights and Responsibilities Act currently has well over 100 sponsors in the House. People who want to rescue public education from this dangerous absurdity had better get to their phones and faxes.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1996 by Albert Shanker.

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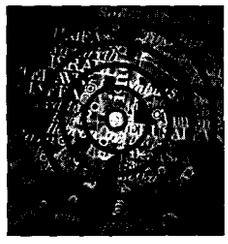

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CORRESPONDENCE

Gender matters

To the editors:

As an old VMI person who left after two years in 1943 to go to war and as an unreconstructed liberal with a passion for equality and justice, which I learned at VMI, I want to thank Jeffrey Rosen ("Like Race, Like Gender?" February 19) for his moving defense of what may seem to many to be an indefensible anachronism. I also learned there, far better than in the other places at which I have studied and in which I have taught, the glory and wonder of the life of learning and the need to use this in the service of a common good. VMI is something worth retaining.

CHARLES P. BIGGER
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

To the editors:

Jeffrey Rosen is obviously incapable of applying to a women's program the kind of "imaginative sympathy" to which he was moved by the nineteenth-century romance of VMI. Mesmerized by what he sees as the "playful" barracks and intellectual life at VMI, Rosen accuses Mary Baldwin College's Dean of Students of "mischaracterizing VMI's educational philosophy." That can be the case only if the VMI administration likewise mischaracterizes the Institute in the document from which she quoted, with which Rosen evidently was unfamiliar. He also claims that one of us (Virginia Francisco) "confessed" words that she did not say and which, in fact, are untrue. Rosen muddles or misrepresents various other facts. He claims, for instance, that there "is only one course developed specifically for VWIL students"—the "flagship" of the whole program. Nonsense! Mr. Rosen knows very well that the class he visited is a freshman orientation class for VWIL cadets and that a total of four courses unique to VWIL (in addition to the advanced fitness course) are required in the sophomore and junior years.

The average SAT scores of VWIL and VMI freshmen this year were within thirty points of each other—not a meaningful difference and certainly not the 100-point spread Rosen reported. In fact, the VWIL cadets had an average high school GPA of 3.30 while VMI freshmen had an average GPA of 3.03.

Rosen asserts that "VWIL is based on a category error. (It assumes single-sex education, rather than single-sex military education is what makes VMI unique.)" In fact, it is the combination of single-sex education, military training and leadership and character development that most define both VMI and VWIL. It is Rosen's definition of "military" that is the problem. He keeps shifting back and forth between the quasi-military adversarial mystique of VMI and the actual modern United States military. And somehow in Rosen's mind "military," "adversarial" and "rigorous" all come to mean the same thing.

Perhaps graduates of VWIL and other women's institutions will at last validate Rosen's claim that women are not much discriminated against today by leading women finally to economic equality. But they cannot do that with an education in a twentieth-century VMI that wants to be a nineteenth-century Rugby, where women's issues are met with silence and the Superintendent's "All right, let's talk about the plague."

CARRIE DOUGLASS
VIRGINIA FRANCISCO
Mary Baldwin College,
Staunton, Virginia

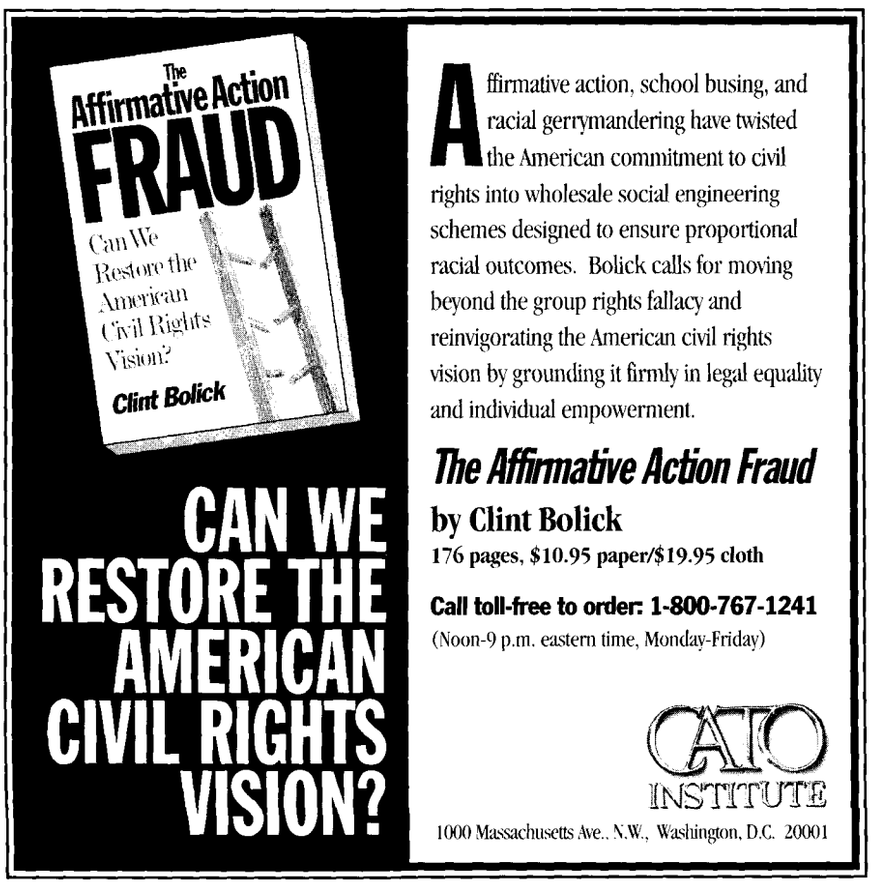
Jeffrey Rosen replies:

I tried to be as sympathetic as possible to the Virginia Women's Institute for Leadership; but the State of Virginia, under court order, has given Mary Baldwin College more than $7,000 per student to set up a "separate but equal" alternative to VMI; and so the VWIL program must be judged by VMI's standards, not by Mary Baldwin's. As for the purported factual errors, Brenda Bryant's leadership seminar is indeed the only academic subject at Mary Baldwin currently offered exclusively to VWIL cadets; as Dr. Bryant herself told me, the leadership classes for sophomores and juniors have not yet been designed. During the remedial trial, when Elizabeth Fox-Genovese testified that the reputations of Mary Baldwin and VMI were "absolutely comparable," the government pointed to United States Exhibit 112, the Barron's Guide, which indicates that between 1991 and 1993, there was "almost a 100-point difference" between the average SAT scores at VMI and Mary Baldwin (trial transcript, p. 304). Finally, Professor Francisco did indeed tell me that the women cadets want "more discipline and more order" than the Mary Baldwin faculty planners are inclined to provide. Her observation was supported by my conversations with the VWIL students, and it is further confirmed by this letter.

Small is beautiful

To the editors:

Michael Lind ("Pat Answers," February 19) is mistaken in his account of John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Calhoun's theory of concurrent majorities. A concurrent majority is not, as Lind would have it, "the majority of states" as opposed to "the majority of Americans." Rather it is a consensus among society's major interest groups, each group defining its own interest according to majority opinion within that group. Hence on the slavery question Calhoun would argue that no national policy should be decided by either a national numerical majority or by a majority of the states. Instead it should be decided by a consensus between North and South.

It was not simply that Northern states were more populous than Southern states that so worried Calhoun late in his life; that was an old story. His new worry was that the North was coming to have more states than the South. Hence the North would control not only the U.S. House but the Senate as well.

On another matter: I deplore Lind's bias against people from small states just as much as he deplores Pat Buchanan's bias against criminals and atheists. People from my state made great sacrifices to enter the Union. Had we remained independent, half of us would now have cushy jobs as ambassadors to foreign countries. If people in California (who outnumber us 33 to 1) want to have more U.S. senators than we do, let them invent a new country, which is what we and a dozen friends did in the eighteenth century.

DAVID R. CARLIN
Newport, Rhode Island

Pyne away

To the editors:

No, Phil Donahue didn't invent the genre, as Howard Kurtz states ("Father of the Slide," February 12). There was, way before him, Joe Pyne. I was on his very popular television talk show program, taped at KTLA-TV (if I recall correctly) in Los Angeles, back in November 1966. On the show, we spoke about theism versus atheism and whether prostitution should be legal. Although sometimes he had guests on who claimed to have had lunch with Jesus up on Mars, he also had a bunch of people with whom he simply argued some issue of general interest.

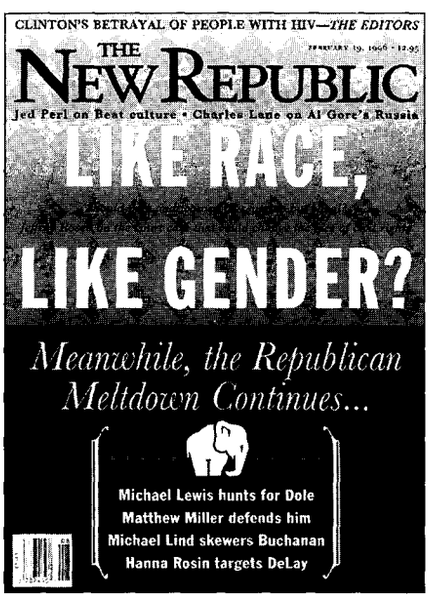
TIBOR R. MACHAN
Auburn, Alabama

Chill out

To the editors:

Your February 19 editorial, "Crossing the Line," was well intended but wrong to attack President Clinton by saying "His hypocrisy is as chilling as [Bob] Dornan's bigotry." There is no comparison between the two men. As a gay woman who has fought the hatred of such homophobes as Dornan all my life, what is chilling to me is the naïveté of TNR in imagining that Clinton could do anything more effective than he did by signing the crucial military appropriations bill while asserting that the Dornan provision was "abhorrent," and he would not enforce it or defend it in court challenges.

Do you seriously intend to repeat the mistake made three years ago when gays and lesbians put their idealism out front so far that we nearly blew the first presidency in our lifetimes that was sympathetic to our cause? Do you imagine now that we would expect President Clinton to hold up pay raises for armed forces members serving in Bosnia and


CLINTON'S BETRAYAL OF PEOPLE WITH HIV—THE EDITORS
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LIKE RACE, LIKE GENDER?
Meanwhile, the Republican Meltdown Continues...
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Haiti while he fought a bruising, time-consuming and probably unwinnable battle against people like Dornan, Helen Chenoweth, Dick Armey and Newt Gingrich in the House?

Your strident editorial contradicts a previous editorial that finally, torturously, came from TNR three years ago that praised Clinton for getting the few inches of ground he got for gays and lesbians in the armed forces.

Go back and read it. It will bring tears to your eyes, not only for what was said but for the poignancy of its not having been said in the first place.

JANE WARDLOW PRETTYMAN
Santa Barbara, California

To the editors:

Twice in the past three weeks (February 19 and March 4), TNR has opined eloquently about President Clinton's deplorable decision to sign the 1996 Department of Defense Reauthorization bill, with its provision mandating the discharge of HIV-infected active duty military personnel. Yet you have missed an essential aspect of the story. The Clinton administration should be faulted less for signing the final bill than for the maneuvers that led up to the bill's landing on the president's desk with this provision attached. During weeks of negotiation between the White House and the congressional leadership, I understand that the White House operatives on Capitol Hill spent no real political capital to keep this provision out of the final conference bill. Once the administration failed in this regard, it is easier to see why the president—who is rumored to be furious at his own staff for this ineptitude—felt compelled to sign it. After all, his own staff had negotiated its final form.

MARK BARNES
Executive Director
AIDS Action Council
Washington, D.C.

Azza Korean-American

To the editors:

Michael Lewis ("Pig Heaven," February 19) poses the question "Is Bob Dole secretly Korean?" in comparing Bob Dole's manner of speaking to that of a Korean immigrant. Would Mr. Lewis have found it to have been as tasteful to compare Dole's usage of the third person, a trait not uncommon in that of the learning impaired, to that of a learning impaired person? Is Dole only lacking slanted eyes and straight black hair to cover his secret identity?

As a Korean-American and an admirer of Dole's, I would be proud to embrace the senator as a Korean and not in secret. Dole embodies many of the character traits that I admire in Koreans. He is disciplined, honest, intelligent and persevered through the cruelty and hardships of war to rise to great heights.

Perhaps Mr. Lewis should expose his true political skin and answer truthfully if he is opposed to discrimination.

SYLVIA YOUNKYUNG SUNG
Chicago, Illinois

To the editors:

In his Campaign Journal, Michael Lewis writes: "Basically the Iowa Pork Congress is a convention of people who raise pigs for slaughter, together with their sundry loved ones."

After reading the above sentence, I hope you'll forgive me if I abstain from eating pork sausage, no matter how tantalizing the aroma. The thought of eating and disgesting loved ones along with the pork is just too revolting.

RUDOLF HERZ
Myrtle Beach, South Carolina

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FROM WASHINGTON

What you do

"Andrew, it's not who you are. It is what you do!" Buchanan yelled across the table. We were engaged in a typically subtle "Crossfire" debate on same-gender marriage. I'd expected the explosion, but it nevertheless surprised me. Only minutes before, off the air, Buchanan had been cooing over my new haircut. But at least he could distinguish, like any good Jesuit, between the sin and the sinner. It was when his mind drifted to thoughts of homosexual copulation that his mood violently swung.

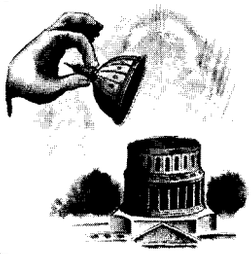
Okay, Pat, let's talk copulation. It isn't only me that has a problem here.

Buchanan's fundamental issue with "what homosexuals do" is that it's what he calls a "vice." (I'll leave aside the demeaning reduction of "what homosexuals do" to a sexual act.) Now, there's a clear meaning for a vice: it's something bad that a person freely chooses to do, like, say, steal. But Buchanan concedes that gay relations aren't quite like that; they are related to a deeper, "very powerful impulse," (his words) to commit them. So a homosexual is like a kleptomaniac who decides to steal. Kleptomania is itself an involuntary, blameless condition, hard to resist, but still repressible. Kleptomaniacs, in Buchanan's words, "have the capacity not to engage in those acts. They have free will."

So far, so persuasive. The question begged, of course, is why same-gender sexual acts are wrong in the first place. In the case of kleptomania it's a no-brainer: someone else is injured directly by your actions; they're robbed. But, in the case of homosexual acts, where two consenting adults are engaged in a private activity, it's not at all clear who the injured party is. Buchanan's concern with homosexual acts derives, of course, from the Roman Catholic Church. And the Church's teaching about homosexual sex is closely related to its teaching about the sinfulness of all sexual activity outside a loving, procreative Church marriage.

The sexual act, the Church affirms, must have two core elements: a "procreative" element, the willingness to be open to the creation of new life; and a "unitive" element, the intent to affirm a loving, faithful union. In this, the Church doesn't single out homosexuals for condemnation. The sin of gay sex is no more and no less sinful on these grounds than masturbation, extramarital sex, marital sex with contraception, heterosexual oral sex or, indeed, marital sex without love.

In some ways, of course, homosexual sex is *less* sinful. The heterosexual who chooses in marriage to use contraception, or who masturbates, is turning away from a viable alternative: a unitive, procreative sexual life. The homosexual has no such option; she is denied, because of something she cannot change, a sexual act which is both unitive and procreative. If a lesbian had sexual relations with a man, she could be procreative but not unitive, because she couldn't fully love him. And if she had sex with another woman, she could be unitive in her emotions but, because of biology, not procreative. So the lesbian is trapped by the Church's teaching, excluded from a loving relationship for no fault of her own; and doomed to a loveless life as a result.



The Church urges compassion for such people (a teaching which, somewhere along the way, seems to have escaped Buchanan). But the Church's real compassion is reserved for another group of people who, like homosexuals, are unable, through no fault of their own, to have unitive and procreative sex: infertile heterosexuals. The Church expresses its compassion not by excluding these couples from the sacrament of marriage, but by including them. Sterile couples are allowed to marry in church and to have sex; so are couples in which the wife is post-menopausal. It's understood that such people have no choice in the matter; they may indeed long to have unitive and procreative sex; and to have children. They are just tragically unable, as the Church sees it, to experience the joy of a procreative married life.

The question, of course, is: Why doesn't this apply to homosexuals? In official teaching, the Church has conceded (Buchanan hedges on this point) that some homosexuals "are definitively such because of some kind of innate instinct or a pathological constitution judged to be incurable." They may want, with all the will in the world, to have a unitive and procreative relationship; they can even intend to be straight. But they can't and they aren't. So why aren't they allowed to express their love as humanely as they possibly can, along with the infertile and the elderly?

The theologians' best answer to this is simply circular. Marriage, they assert, is by definition between a man and a woman. When pressed further, they venture: well, sexual relations between two infertile heterosexuals could, by a miracle, yield a child. But, if it's a miracle you're counting on, why couldn't it happen to two gay people? Who is to put a limit on the power of God? Well, the Church counters, homosexuality isn't natural, it's an "objective disorder." But what is infertility if it isn't a disorder? The truth is, as the current doctrine now stands, the infertile are defined by love and compassion, while homosexuals are defined by loneliness and sin. The Church has no good case why this should be so.

I harp on this issue of the infertile for one delicate reason: Patrick and Shelley Buchanan do not have kids. Why not? Generally, I wouldn't dream of bringing up such a question, but I am merely adhering to the same rules Buchanan has laid out for me. From the public absence of his children, as from the public statement of my homosexuality, I can infer certain things about Buchanan's "lifestyle." Either Buchanan is using contraception, in which case he is a hypocrite; or he or his wife is infertile, and he is, one assumes, engaging in non-procreative sex. Either way, I can see no good reason why his sexual life is any more sinful than mine.

Of course, by merely bringing up Buchanan's childlessness, I will be judged to have exceeded the bounds of legitimate debate. But why doesn't the same outrage attach to Buchanan for his fulminations against others whose inability to lead a procreative married life is equally involuntary? Of course, Buchanan goes even further: because of what he infers about my private sexual life, he would celebrate discrimination against me and use the bully pulpit of a campaign to defame me. Why is it unthinkable that someone should apply the same standards to him?

I'll tell you why it's unthinkable. No one should be singled out and stigmatized for something he cannot change, especially if that something is already a source of pain and struggle. Indeed, I would regard anyone's inability to have children, if he wanted to, to be a sadness I should privately sympathize with and publicly say nothing about. Why, I wonder, cannot Buchanan express the same compassion and fairness for me?

ANDREW SULLIVAN

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

MARCH 18, 1996

AFTER THE BOMBS

Palestinian terror struck in Israel again this week. Twenty-seven men and women, including two young Americans (see Notebook, page 9), were killed and 80 wounded in nearly simultaneous suicide bus bombings, one in Jerusalem, one in Ashkelon. Sunday's toll of such dead and maimed was the highest in Israel's history, reflecting the brutal truth that there is no solution to this conflict that will appease the Arab ultras who are, alas, neither small in number nor without deep support among the masses and from the elites. (On Monday, a Palestinian-American Hamas sympathizer added to those casualties by driving his car into a crowded bus stop.) Sad to say, Palestinian terror is popular among the Palestinians. On the day of the Hamas bombings, another aggrieved people showed its attitude toward terror. Tens of thousands, mostly Irish Catholics, marched in protest in Ireland and Northern Ireland against the murderous ways of the IRA. It is a telling contrast. Let's face it, no such demonstration has ever occurred among the Palestinians or elsewhere in the Arab world, for that matter.

Were Israel to withdraw to some precarious redoubt cleaving to the Mediterranean and give way to a super-Palestine, this would still not pacify those many hyperpious Muslims and radical nationalists for whom the presence of a Jewish polity anywhere in the region is an offense to Islam. There is no moral or practical equivalence to Israel's own extremists: for, indeed, their numbers *are* very small; they receive no real succor from the top, and never did. In the vortex of the millenial passions of their neighbors, Israelis are fated to live on the edge of danger always. Still, the Israeli government is charged with protecting its people as best it can from the violence which besets them. The strategy of the Rabin and Peres governments to do just that has been to make far-reaching concessions to Palestinian self-determination.

In other conflicts such compromise would be enough. After all, perhaps 85 percent of the inhabitants of the West Bank and Gaza no longer encounter Israeli soldiers in their daily lives. Of the cities in the territories only Hebron, from which a withdrawal was already in the works, remains under the rule of the Israeli Defense Forces. It is true no high Israeli official ever promised many hard concessions on annexed Jerusalem, except for a formula which paid respectful attention to Palestinian sensibilities. But on every other matter, including the most vexing, like water rights, almost nothing was foreclosed. This openness was the difference between Labor and the Likud governments which preceded it. Some Palestinians understood the new reality and grasped the opportunity. But, in the streets and mosques, other Palestinians took Israel's eagerness for accommodation as a sign that a greater dosage of terror would make it ever-more accommodating. It is instructive that the upsurge in Hamas terror—in its scope and brazenness—dates to Israel's determination to end the occupation, and that the latest outrage happened just as the frontiers between Israel and the territories, closed for eleven days, were reopened.

Some Israelis had pinned their hopes on their partners in the peace process, expecting Yasir Arafat and his Palestinian Authority to crush the spoiler terrorists. But that has not happened. Here and there Palestinian police have arrested some would-be murderers of Jews. And these officials have also made the lives of a few extremists in the Islamic Jihad unpleasant. Yet they haven't begun to touch the infrastructure of that organization, let alone that of the so-called "more moderate" Hamas, Murder Incorporated's home base among the faithful. On the contrary, the PLO has made a concordat with these gangsters. For all Arafat's soggy condolences about the recent murders, he has done little to stop them. In fact, in Gaza on Tuesday, Hamas staged a grotesque celebration of its bombings, televised and undisturbed by the gendarmerie of the new Palestine. The police power is Arafat's and his alone. He should use it against terror, and use it as ruthlessly as he needs to. Until he does, Israel should seal its borders with the self-governing areas and keep them sealed. Of course, innocent Palestinians will be hurt if they cannot cross into Israel for work. In one sense, that is exactly the point. They need to see that they have a stake in peace and to make the criminally coy Palestinian Authority see that, as well. More than that, Israel should block deliveries of cement into the territories, and of other materials critical to Palestinian economic development. And it certainly should suspend its financial subventions to the PA regime, and the U.S. should do so, as well. This is a nasty neighborhood. But the Palestinians cannot have the benefits of peace if the actions and inactions of their PLO rulers deny the most rudimentary benefit of peace to Israel—the safety of its citizens. •

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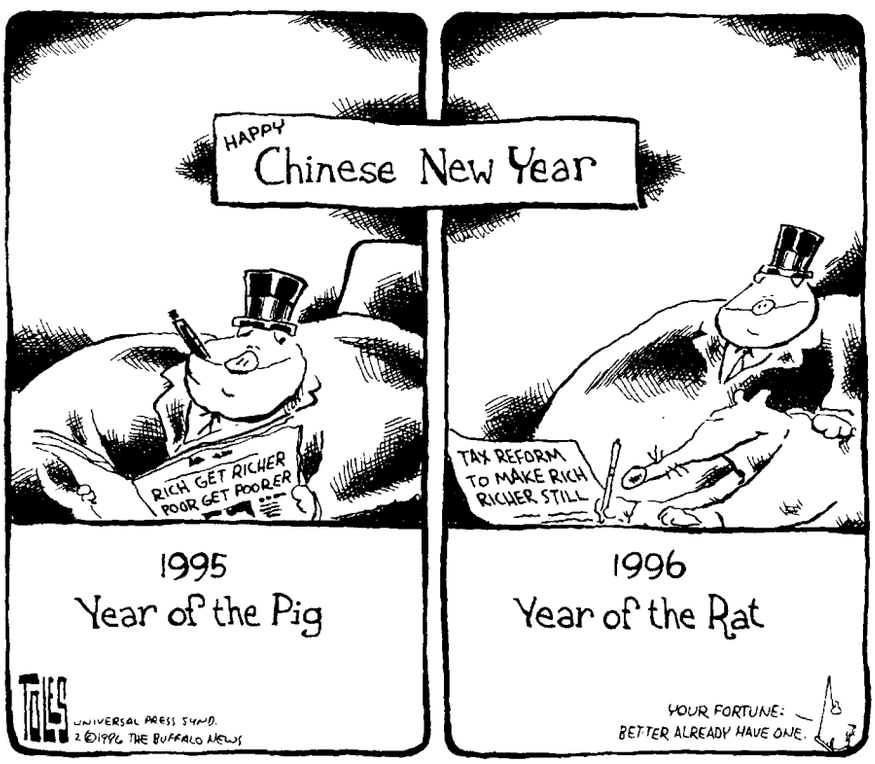
NOTEBOOK

SIC TRANSIT: An internal IRS memo warned that the agency's deputy chief counsel "does not want to receive any memorandums, letters, etc. with hyphenated words." ... The Whispering Pines family nudist resort in North Carolina hosted the first annual gathering of Christian nudists.... The Forbes campaign issued a press release boasting that NBA forward Charles Barkley said, "I like Steve Forbes." ... A caller to Pat Buchanan's campaign who asked for his deputy press secretary, K.B. Forbes, was told: "No one named Forbes works here. Don't you know the candidates?" ... Brian and Terri Lowe of Wartburg, Tennessee, may serve up to two years in prison for attempting to sell their baby daughters to cover bad checks.... Trump Tower resident Hebert Steed received a fifteen-year sentence for welfare fraud.



LEFTY LAMAR: Ever had the feeling you've heard a misleading public policy panacea before? Been listening to Lamar Alexander lately? Lamar's plans for transforming the relationship between the states and the federal government have a worrying resonance with the 1960s left. Under Alexander's proposal, Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC), the Food Stamp program and all other federal anti-poverty programs would be eliminated, with the money going instead to local "charity foundations," which would provide shelter, food and assistance to the poor. Sound familiar? Alexander has just reinvented Community Action. Take a trip back in time to the early 1960s. You find yourself in a country curiously like our own, where big, bureaucratic, centralized government is being denounced for its remoteness from real communities. The most ardent supporters of "community," however, are on the left. In the name of "citizen participation," they want federal funds disbursed, not by federal bureaucrats, nor even by state and local bureaucracies, but by nonprofit private organizations in touch with the needs of local people. The agency that best exemplified this philosophy was the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO), which led the War on Poverty. Under the Community Action Program (the official title), the OEO gave grants to nearly 1,000 "community action agencies," most of them private and nonprofit—with almost no strings attached. The result was that Community Action poured federal funds into the hands of white left-liberals and radicals allied with black and Hispanic activists against City Hall machines controlled by white ethnics. The Black Panthers wrote their political platform at the Oakland Community Action office. Under Lamar Alexander, their successors would in all likelihood be the cronies of the religious right. In the old days, welfare recipients might have had to endure "consciousness-raising" sessions by creepy white people and middle-class blacks and Hispanics who admired Stokeley Carmichael. In the age of right-wing Community Action, the poor will have to endure sermons about personal responsibility by creepy white people and middle-class blacks and Hispanics who admire Pat Robertson.

MILLION-DOLLAR MAN MARCH: Louis Farrakhan's bizarre defense of the Nigerian tyrant, Sani Abacha, and his Sudanese counterpart, Omar Hassan Ahmed al-Bashir, is perhaps not as bizarre as it sounds. Of course, both despots have as much interest in pan-African solidarity as Gerry Adams does in pan-Irish solidarity or the Gotti family in pan-Italian solidarity. They are in the protection business, and appeals to ethnic brotherhood sometimes help business. Abacha maintains order so that Nigeria can freely export its two major products, oil and drugs, without its destitute citizenry inquiring into what happens to the resulting hard currency. Nigeria spends money to prevent foreign governments from enacting sanctions that would interfere with the petroleum-fueled gravy train, and in the United States, African American politicians are an obvious target for that effort. In recent years, Abacha and his

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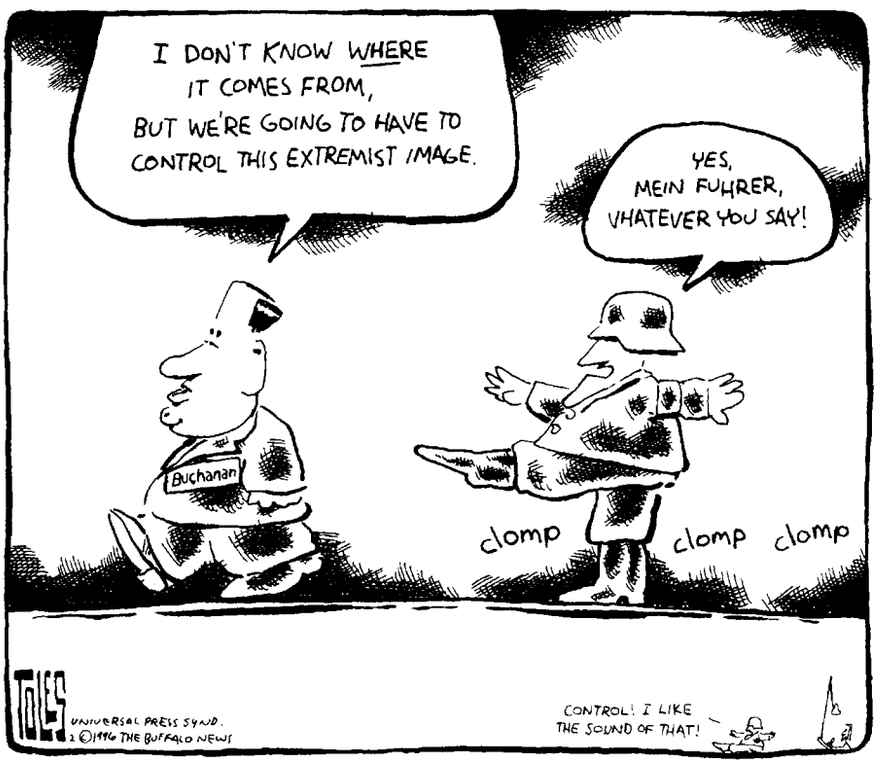
predecessor, Ibrahim Babangida, have sent millions to the Washington, D.C., lobbying firm of Washington & Christian. Members of the firm have given money to the campaigns of California Congressman Ron Dellums, New York Congressman Charles Rangel and Illinois Senator Carol Moseley-Braun. Moseley-Braun was kind enough to reciprocate by trying to arrange a meeting between President Clinton and Babangida, the man who annulled the 1993 elections in the first place. (Washington & Christian also employs Dellums's wife.) During Farrakhan's latest spin through Nigeria, the traditional leader of Borno State, Shehu Mustafa Ibn Sanda, presented him with a thoroughbred colt, and the Ona (King) of Ife gave him an ivory and gold sword, which symbolizes, appropriately, a ruler's power of life and death over his subjects. Farrakhan dutifully mimicked the Nigerian government's line, saying that, "I think the (Sani) Abacha regime should be given a chance to move this country toward democracy," conveniently ignoring the fact that Nigeria held democratic elections three years ago, and their winner rots in jail courtesy of General Abacha. In Sudan, Farrakhan blessed the democratically inclined General Bashir, whose government, it has been widely reported, has forcibly relocated entire non-Muslim communities to arid desert wastes in population transfer strategies reminiscent of the apartheid governments of the 1950s and 1960s. Why didn't Minister Farrakhan travel to Benin, Botswana or Malawi, democratic countries struggling to provide for their citizens in the face of cuts in U.S. foreign aid? Maybe because they didn't have money to spare.


I DON'T KNOW WHERE IT COMES FROM, BUT WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO CONTROL THIS EXTREMIST IMAGE.
YES, MEIN FUHRER, WHATEVER YOU SAY!
Buchanan
clomp
clomp
clomp
TOLES
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CONTROL! I LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT!

ASK, TELL: Bill Clinton's first term has proved a bonanza for gay people. He's the first president to practice active discrimination against people with HIV, and he's even managed to *increase* the number of soldiers ejected from the armed services! Could Bob Dole have done better? Last year, 488 servicemembers were discharged for homosexuality, 17 percent more than the previous year, the second increase in two years, according to the Servicemembers Legal Defense Network. And, as for abuses of the policy, where to begin? There's the private stationed in South Korea who complained she'd been sexually assaulted by male servicemembers. Her commander tried to force her to confess she was a lesbian. She refused, so he threatened her with jail and started discharge proceedings. An Air Force memo dated November 1994 that was leaked to the SLDN instructs investigators to interrogate parents, school counselors, roommates and friends. This directive they've pursued with relish, calling mothers at home to ask if their sons are gay. The memo also encourages investigators to hunt down any other suspects whose names come up during the investigation. The result has been twenty-eight witch hunts, and the round-up of dozens of officers for trial. Proof of homosexuality? In some cases, a Melissa Etheridge poster or a copy of Randy Shilts's *Conduct Unbecoming*. A Navy memo suggests intimidating officers who serve as character witnesses for their suspected friends. But the real problem is more subtle even than these abuses. A servicemember who confesses to his psychiatrist might not realize that their conversation isn't confidential in the military. And what does he answer to "What are you doing tonight?" or "Where are you going for Christmas?" Isn't it time to end the charade?

WHAT WE LOST: In the middle of the night, in the middle of winter, Matt Eisenfeld, the rabbinical student killed by a Hamas pipe bomb in Jerusalem last week, would run fast through the streets of New Haven. So fast, that running partners would fall silent, unable to hold up their end of the light banter meant to distract from the cold. So Matt would assume more and more of the load, until the chatter turned into a monologue, a treatise on some aspect of Jewish law or custom. Or a story. A visceral, unbridled joy coursed through those sweaty sermons, and it was that joy which set Matt apart

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from those for whom Judaism is an intellectual plaything or a cultural style. He passed his undergraduate days in a place where detached irony was the reigning posture. Yet Matt's passion proved more accessible and more generous than the disembodied reserve of those around him. Among his roommates at Yale were a long-haired, atheistic devotee of speed metal, and an austere, dark-suited South Asian Muslim. And when it appeared, during our senior year, that Matt might not gain acceptance to the Jewish Theological Seminary, these disparate, unlikely allies drafted a petition to the seminary's admissions board and accosted students all over campus asking for signatures. It is that image, more than any other, which captures the radiance of Matt's faith, and sets in stark relief the spiritual desolation of those whose supposed love of God led them to end his life.

LIKE, WOW:

Heavy marijuana use hurts thinking afterward

—*The Daily Star,* Oneonta, New York, February 21.

CAMPAIGN JOURNAL

FREE WILLY

By Michael Lewis

February 21

Whatever else it is, the New Hampshire primary is a turning point in the relationship between politicians and journalists. From now on, journalists can no longer set themselves up in hotels in Iowa or New Hampshire and know that the candidates must appear sooner or later. Now they must attach themselves to a single candidate as he jets back and forth across the country, depending on him entirely for their food, their planes, their buses and their hotel rooms.

Together with about sixty other journalists I take off from Manchester, New Hampshire, in Pat Buchanan's plane. It is just after midnight. Buchanan and his wife sit in the front row, backed by six rows of staffers and a new Secret Service detail. Two hours later we land in Columbia, South Carolina, and set off for our hotels. Buchanan and his closest aides climb into cars and go in one direction; the rest of us walk down a long tarmac to a bus and go another. Only we don't. Immediately it becomes clear that, while the Buchanan camp had the foresight to rent a big plane, they have no clue what to do with the journalists inside. The young Buchananites on the ground in South Carolina cannot remember the name of the hotel in which they have reserved rooms, or whether they have reserved rooms at all. They argue who said what to whom until two-thirty in the morning, and then, clearly desperate to announce something, announce this: although Pat Buchanan will not leave Columbia until noon we must all be in our hotel lobby with our luggage at five-thirty sharp—that is, assuming we find a hotel.

"Jesus Christ, that's three hours from now!" someone shouts from the back of the bus.

"What the fuck is going on here?" someone else shrieks.

Who would have thought that the rise of Buchanan would leave the American media longing for a strongman? The news that they will be lucky to get three hours in their hotel rooms leads the TV camera crews in the back of the bus to scream insults at the Buchanan aides in the front for the next five minutes. This, in turn, leads the lone Secret Serviceman assigned to us to leap into action. Unfortunately, he asks *me* what he should do. I have no idea, of course, and advise him to lay low. The next twenty minutes is more of the same: journalists screaming bloody murder while the Buchanan aides argue amongst themselves, until, at length, a particularly loud network cameraman persuades the bus driver to roll. It's nearing three in the morning. Somewhere in Columbia, South Carolina, Pat Buchanan sleeps.

We drive for maybe thirty minutes to a motel on an Interstate highway. The man behind the desk has never heard of Pat Buchanan. We climb back onto the bus and drive for another ten minutes to another motel. Again, no luck, except this time the motel has twelve empty rooms. You could see everyone at once thinking the same thing: *Do I put my fate in the hands of Pat Buchanan or do I go it alone?* It's a turning point: the Buchanan aides have lost control of the press pack. The aggressive-aggressive journalists crowd around the front desk to secure rooms; the passive-aggressive ones strike out across country. In the pre-dawn mists the Interstate highway outside Columbia resembles a scene from a World War I film. Everywhere, journalists are going over the top: clambering over large mud dunes, vaulting over the median, racing up to the door of the Fairfield Inn. It's four in the morning.

I am one of the lucky ones—so I believe. By 4:30 a.m. I am safely inside my room at the Ramada Inn, secure that the Buchanan aides will fetch me in six hours. I am even pleased that the young Buchanan aide who promised to deliver my bags fails to do so, for it permits me to skip the five-thirty baggage call. For the next six hours I rush to hit the deadline for an article which, among other things, details my genuine affection for the Buchanan aides. At 11:00 I wander back down to the lobby.

It is empty.

I remind myself that two Buchanan aides and one Secret Serviceman separately assured me six different times that they would collect me at 11:15. The deal could not have been more explicit. I had gone so far as

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to ask, rudely: "You aren't going to change this on me an hour from now, like you've changed everything else?" They promised that Pat's plans were firm. Yet somehow between 4:30 a.m. and 10:30 a.m. Pat's plans changed. A few dozen phone calls and thirty minutes later I locate Pat's hotel and discover why I feel so oddly alone: Pat Buchanan has checked out. He's left South Carolina. He is on his way to North Dakota.

I receive this news standing at a bank of pay phones populated by traveling salesmen. Suddenly I realize: I am the Willy Loman of American journalism. Except that I have no luggage. Pat Buchanan has stolen it.

Just six hours earlier I had almost felt important. There I sat, a mere seven rows behind the winner of the New Hampshire primary, poised to write the first draft of history. Now I stand alone in a motel outside Columbia, South Carolina, in the same clothes I wore forty-eight hours ago, stinking so badly that I can smell myself. I am no stranger to logistical chaos. Twice I've checked out of my hotel room from airplanes (the maids dump your stuff in a trash bag). Three times I've returned rental cars by phoning the company and giving them directions to their abandoned vehicle. But this is new ground ... standing on the median of an Interstate highway in a place I'd never been, had never wanted to be, had no business whatsoever being. I envy the people whizzing past me at sixty miles an hour. At least they have a ride home. •

Buchanan's foreign lobbyist.

AMERICA LAST

By Charles Lane

Pat Buchanan claims Washington insiders are unwelcome in his campaign and will be barred from a Buchanan White House, too. "We're going to take the country back for Middle America," he told ABC's George Will shortly before his New Hampshire win. "We're going to take it back for the people left out, who have no voice in Washington, who are unrepresented by $400,000-a-year lobbyists." And no more "foreign agents of influence" cutting backroom deals to force American workers into competition with low-wage foreigners. "In a Buchanan White House, foreign lobbyists ... will not sit at the head of the table," he says.

Maybe not, but on every piece of Buchanan for President stationery, a $400,000-a-year foreign lobbyist heads the list of the campaign's "advisory committee." He's Richard V. Allen, a crony of Buchanan's since the 1968 Richard Nixon campaign—and the very personification of Gucci Gulch. "Since arriving in Washington in 1957," Allen told TNR in 1985, "I have found our government ... remarkably open and accessible and, over the years, increasingly so." Indeed. Allen has parlayed the connections he made during brief stints as a foreign-policy official under Nixon and national security adviser under Ronald Reagan into a high-paying career making the U.S. government accessible to others. Allen did not exactly specialize in opening doors for American citizens, however. His clients were Japanese, Taiwanese and other foreign government entities and corporations who exploited Allen's insiderhood to help defeat any policy remotely resembling a Buchanan-style "America First" stance on trade. (Allen's voluminous foreign agent disclosure forms at the Justice Department document this in great detail.)

In fact, Dick Allen was present at the creation of Japan, Inc.'s Washington lobby. "One of those who carefully tutored the Japanese in their approach was Richard V. Allen," Pat Choate (another sometime Buchanophile) writes in his book *Agents of Influence.* Beginning way back in 1970, "Allen urged Japan to create an American-led lobbying machine—advice that Japan would act on within a year's time."

Allen's channel to Japan was one Tamotsu Takase, a key unofficial adviser to the Japanese government. According to a 1981 *Washington Post* report, Tokyo regarded the Allen-Takase friendship as "an important backstage link in [Japan's] contacts with the Washington establishment." In 1970, when Allen was sitting on a private presidential trade advisory board, he leaked Takase a proposal that would have limited Japanese access to U.S. video recording technology. Allen accompanied the news of this looming threat to Japan's bid to take over the U.S. consumer electronics market with a suggestion that Japan pay one of Allen's friends, David Fleming, to lobby against protectionism.

By 1973, Allen was out of government and lobbying for Nissan, reportedly earning $100,000 a year. Among other chores for Japan's auto industry, Allen lobbied against auto import quotas much like the ones Ronald Reagan later enacted—and that Buchanan currently hails as an example of wise Republican protectionism. In 1983 and 1984, Allen helped the Italian government's money-losing Alitalia airline get a $225 million foreign-aid package of U.S. loans and loan guarantees; on behalf of a consortium of Japanese companies, he promoted a new Panama Canal to replace the American-built one, whose "giveaway" by Jimmy Carter Buchanan bitterly opposed.

But it was thanks to Taiwan—specifically, to its Chinese National Association of Industry and Commerce—that Allen graduated from $400,000-a-year foreign lobbyist to $500,000-a-year foreign lobbyist. In the process of earning $1.5 million from this organization between 1985 and 1988, Allen told U.S. officials "that unilateral steps to impose quota or tariff restrictions against imported textiles, footwear and sugar"—i.e., Buchanan's current trade policy—"would be detrimental to U.S. commercial interests." He went to bat for a NAFTA-like Taiwan-America free trade area, an idea Allen says he still supports but

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Stock-taking

Last March, the workers at General Electric's Broadway motors and specialty transformer division in Fort Wayne, Indiana, received some bitter news: the home-appliances giant was about to transfer up to 120 of their jobs to Mexico, part of a company-wide downsizing that would result in 2,000 layoffs. It was a perfect example of the corporate heartlessness Pat Buchanan inveighs against. But the campaign fodder it provides is not, it turns out, the only way Buchanan benefits from the streamlining of General Electric: the enhancement of G.E.'s profitability fattens his personal wealth, too, as the owner of more than $15,000 worth of G.E. stock.

Buchanan, who likes to portray himself as the leader of a rebellious peasant mob, is actually a wealthy investor, whose 1994 income approached $1 million and whose estimated net worth is between $3,576,000 and $6,690,000, according to financial disclosure documents filed with the Federal Election Commission. And his ample portfolio hardly jibes with his professed concern for the little guy or his "economic patriotism."

Through both his personal assets and those listed under the employee benefit trust fund of PJB Enterprises (of which he and his wife appear to be the only beneficiaries), Buchanan owns chunks of such corporate "executioners" as IBM (63,000 layoffs since July 1993), General Motors (74,000 layoffs since December 1991), Eastman Kodak (10,000 layoffs since August 1993) and AT&T (40,000 layoffs announced in January). Buchanan was a direct beneficiary of the AT&T cuts: since January the value of his holdings has risen from 64 ¾ per share to a price, at one point, as high as 68 ⅞. The tribune of the working class also owns upwards of $15,000 of shares in Caterpillar, the construction equipment multinational that recently finished crushing a five-year strike by its work force. Employees had registered a record number of complaints with the National Labor Relations Board accusing Caterpillar of unfair labor practices. Meanwhile, in 1995, Caterpillar reported strong earnings for all four quarters, of which Buchanan duly received his share.

Buchanan seemed a bit flustered when he was confronted with this issue on CBS's "Face the Nation" on February 25. First, he tried to duck personal responsibility for the way his money is invested. My wife inherited the AT&T shares, he protested. The retirement plan "isn't for me anyway, it's for Shelley," and, "I told my broker 'you buy the stocks. I don't know anything about that' "—which is probably what most peasants tell their brokers. Finally, he argued that "The very fact that I will get up and criticize corporations, even though I may have stock in it, that proves the point there is no conflict of interest." And he's right; there is no conflict of interest in the classic sense. There is, however, a simple issue of personal consistency. Rather than hectoring them from the campaign trail, Buchanan could have demonstrated his opposition to these companies and their policies by the far more direct method of divesting himself of their stock—thus doing his bit to lower its price and putting his money where his mouth is.

But Buchanan's holdings also illustrate the broader point that no one, not even Pat Buchanan, can isolate himself from the global marketplace. Whoever Buchanan's autonomous broker is, he has clearly designed his client's portfolio to take advantage of the growth in global trade fostered by such institutions as NAFTA and GATT. Financial services, retailing, consumer goods, telecommunications, energy and construction were projected to receive the largest boost from free trade. And blue-chip companies in those industries bulk large in Buchanan's portfolio. Buchanan owns more than $15,000 worth of Merrill Lynch, the Wall Street titan that also manages his $100,000 cash account. "We are quite optimistic about the long-term prospects in Latin America," gloated Merrill Lynch International Chairman Winthrop Smith. Indeed. Merrill Lynch capitalized immediately on the passage of NAFTA by becoming the first foreign investment bank to trade on the Mexican stock exchange.

El Paso Natural Gas, in which Buchanan also owns shares, vastly expanded its penetration of the Mexican market following the passage of NAFTA. Dresser Industries, another Buchanan holding, saw NAFTA as a boon to its oil-equipment exports. "This is an industry that clearly needs to find new markets," Dresser Chairman John J. Murphy told *The Dallas Morning News* during Congressional debate over the free-trade pact. "And there is none with greater long-term potential than Mexico."

Or how about Wal-Mart? Once hailed as the quintessential American store selling products made in the USA, it now has plans for seventy locations in Mexico in addition to stores in Argentina, China, Brazil and Hong Kong and a growing number of suppliers from the cheap-labor factories of Asia. SBC Communications, a subsidiary of Southwestern Bell, owns 10 percent of Teléfonos de Mexico, the Mexican national phone company. Free trade has allowed SBC to enter a large, untapped market by providing services to villages untouched by telecommunications—and thus to make Pat Buchanan a little bit richer. NYNEX, another Buchanan pick, owns a sizable share in Telecom Asia, while Bell Atlantic invested $1.04 billion in Grupo Iusacell, a Mexican cellular carrier. About half of the companies whose stock is owned by Buchanan or PJB Enterprises lobbied for NAFTA through the USA*NAFTA group.

Railing against the connection between free trade and the "masters of the universe" on Wall Street, Buchanan condemns Citibank, Chase Manhattan and Goldman, Sachs as the sole beneficiaries of the $50 billion Mexico bailout engineered by Secretary of the Treasury Robert Rubin and Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan. Actually, it appears that some of Chase Manhattan's take will find its way into Buchanan's pocket. He owns more than $15,000 worth of shares in Chemical Bank, which announced its merger with Chase last year. The merger eliminated hundreds of jobs in New York, but stock prices in both companies soared.

Buchanan has also exported a little bit of his own capital, investing heavily in Hong Kong-based China Light & Power, a stock *Money* magazine touted as a best bet for Americans seeking to profit from the booming Chinese market. The company owns 25 percent of a nuclear power plant in China that was recently shut down because of safety problems. Buchanan owns shares, too, in YPF, the national oil company of Argentina, another Latin stock that brokers promote as a way for Americans to make money off the boom in hemispheric free trade. One of the objectives of the Mexico bailout was to shore up other emerging Latin American markets and, hence, companies like YPF.

A compelling argument for free trade can be derived, it seems, straight from Mr. Buchanan's own portfolio. And a memo to Pat: watch out for technical difficulties during your turn at the lectern in San Diego. AT&T will be wiring the Republican Convention.

ELISSA SILVERMAN

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that is precisely the sort of "trade deal" that Buchanan blasts for pitting American workers against low-wage Asian drones. And from June 1990 to June 1991 the Taiwanese government itself paid Allen $375,000 to lobby (fruitlessly) for Taiwan's inclusion in GATT, which Buchanan today decries as a tool of "world government."

Another objective of the contract Allen signed with Taiwan was to encourage U.S. corporate investment in Taiwan—i.e., the export of American jobs. It appears that Allen took this obligation rather personally. When he hit upon the idea of having 100 engraved watches made to distribute as gifts for friends and clients, he sent the order to a firm in Taiwan, according to the Washington business magazine *Regardie's*. Meanwhile, though, he was kind enough to channel $100 of his foreign lobbying earnings to Bay Buchanan's failed campaign for California state treasurer in 1990.

Allen's most grandiose venture was Credit International, a private Washington bank not exactly designed with the financial service needs of the Buchanan Brigades in mind. When the bank opened in 1989, half of its 150 accounts belonged to millionaires—many of them wealthy foreigners. Allen brought in some 80 percent of its $14 million in capital from Korea, Taiwan and other Asian nations. Allen's partners included such threats to the status quo as Tom Korologos (since resigned), the veteran Republican lobbyist, and Charles Manatt, the former Democratic national chairman. Alas, Credit International lost millions; it was absorbed into Maryland's Sequoia National Bank in 1994. (Allen is now an unpaid director of Sequoia.)

Allen's mainly Republican connections lost some of their marketability after Bill Clinton's election, and he has not been registered as a foreign agent since July 1993. But he has by no means weaned himself from Asia, Inc.'s largesse. He still serves as the salaried chairman of the Heritage Foundation's Asian studies program, which is underwritten by over $300,000 per year from Taiwanese corporations. (At "Heritage Foundation seminars, phrases like 'America First' may yet get a big howl—as the boys decide the fate of the Punjab," Buchanan sneered in a 1991 column.) Heritage declined to disclose the precise amount it gets from Asian business, but such discretion would end under President Buchanan: his lobbying reform plan, issued last October, pledges that "all tax-exempt public policy institutions—foundations, think tanks and advocacy groups—will publicly disclose all money received from foreign governments, individuals or institutions."

Allen says that would be fine with him. But he is less sure about other Buchanan proposals, especially those that might complicate a prospective resumption of his career as an agent of foreign influence. Buchanan wants everyone who registers as a foreign agent to pay a $100,000 annual licensing fee—a figure Allen finds "too steep," though "some fee is appropriate." Every member of a Buchanan administration would take an oath never to work for any foreign institution. Allen says he would refuse such an oath. As it happens, Buchanan did not ask Allen to take one when he joined the campaign's advisory committee.

Though he certainly embodies what Buchanan claims to loathe about Washington, Allen isn't the guilty party in this situation. Not surprisingly, some un-Buchananite free-trade policies he advocated as a foreign lobbyist were in America's interest, too. Today, Allen opposes Buchanan's absurd call for an across-the-board 10 percent tariff on Japanese goods. By helping his foreign-lobby-bashing friend, Allen has arguably acted against his own long-term business interests.

The hypocrisy here is Buchanan's. Perhaps membership in a campaign advisory committee is basically honorific, as both the Buchanan campaign and Allen protest. But asking Allen to lend his august name to the campaign was, for Buchanan, a telling deviation from his claim to be an outsider who "means what he says and says what he means." Buchanan aide K.B. Forbes says that Buchanan calls on Allen for political advice, not policy input on trade, and that Allen's role merely indicates the campaign's ideological openness. "A lot of Perot voters are pro-choice but support Buchanan because he will fight for fair trade," Forbes says.

But Allen's *views* aren't at issue, his *deeds* are. By Buchanan's own reasoning, whatever U.S. government indulgences Allen brokered for Japan, Korea, Taiwan or Italy came at the direct expense of American workers and taxpayers. That would make Allen partly responsible for the mess Buchanan now promises to clean up. In a 1994 column, Buchanan protested the American "establishment" 's lack of accountability. Bill and Hillary Clinton, he wrote, "got exemptions from the rules that bound everyone else"—rules like "you pay for your mistakes." Good point. But Allen's appearance on Buchanan campaign letterhead would seem to suggest that this rule was made to be broken by Buchanan and his Washington cronies, too. •

Dole's shady ally.

CAMPBELL SOUP

By Michael Lind

On Saturday, March 2, voters will cast their ballots in the critical South Carolina Republican primary. Bob Dole is relying on his key ally there, former Governor Carroll A. Campbell Jr., to win over centrist Republicans repulsed by Pat Buchanan's race- and religion-baiting. Carroll Campbell, it seems, represents the inclusive, New South wing of the GOP. Yikes.

Back in 1978, Campbell ran for Congress against former Greenville Mayor Max Heller, a Democrat and a Jew

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who emigrated from Austria in the 1930s. Five days before the election, an independent candidate, Don Sprouse, said that Heller should not be elected because, as a Jew, he did not "believe Jesus Christ has come yet." Heller lost the race to Campbell.

For years it has been rumored that Republican strategist Lee Atwater or someone else involved in the 1978 Campbell campaign encouraged Sprouse to say what he did. In 1986 in his newsletter, *The Baron Report*, Democratic analyst Alan Baron reported that Campbell's New York-based polltaker, Arthur Finkelstein, had conducted a poll for him in 1978 to "determine the impact on the voters of the information that Heller was (1) a Jew; (2) a foreign-born Jew; and (3) a foreign-born Jew who did not believe in Jesus Christ as the savior." Baron wrote that Finkelstein "learned that Heller could win with the first two pieces of information out, but not the third." According to a *New York Times* story of September 24, 1986, Marvin Chernoff, another Democratic political consultant, claimed that Atwater told him that the Campbell campaign had thought "it would be great if the third candidate" used their polling information to undermine Heller.

When this information surfaced during Campbell's 1986 campaign for governor, he called Baron's account "outrageously wrong" and "inaccurate." Atwater, while denying Chernoff's account of his words, admitted that Campbell's campaign manager had met with Don Sprouse's lieutenants.

But, even if one dismisses these allegations that the Campbell campaign encouraged Sprouse's anti-Semitic remarks, the 1978 poll Campbell commissioned would be troubling in itself. The poll, released in 1986, asked voters to choose the characteristics that best described Campbell and Heller: "(a) Honest, (b) A Christian man, (c) Concern for the people, (d) A hard worker, (e) Experienced in government, (f) Jewish." A second question asked voters which of fifteen qualities would make them more or less likely to vote for a candidate. Among these: "a native South Carolinian" and "a Jewish immigrant." According to Campbell, this was "legitimate demographic" polling. The interdenominational leaders who publicly condemned Campbell's poll questions in a 1986 press conference in Columbia thought otherwise.

It gets worse. In 1979, the new Republican representative from South Carolina flew to Orlando, Florida, to speak at a seminar on "financial survival" sponsored by the Liberty Lobby, one of the major anti-Semitic organizations in the United States. Campbell later claimed he had not known about the Liberty Lobby's reputation, even though conservative politicians and activists are generally vigilant in steering clear of the organization. According to Campbell, he spoke at the seminar because he had been asked to by an acquaintance who had sought a job in his House office but been turned down.

Campbell's explanation raises more questions than it answers. Was Campbell in the habit of addressing seminars at the request of disappointed job-seekers? Was he aware that the person who arranged his talk had worked for the Liberty Lobby's journal, *Spotlight*, which publishes articles claiming that the Holocaust was a hoax and Anne Frank's *Diary* a fake? Why would a freshman South Carolina congressman fly to Florida to address an obscure group for an honorarium of only $500?

Perhaps the answer lies in an August 1978 campaign speech of Campbell's, in which Heller interpreted a reference to him. Campbell told an audience of Republican women that whoever represented their district in Congress had to be free of foreign influence. "I believe that it is imperative that a congressman be objective in foreign policy and have absolutely no favorite nation in the free world but America." The reference to a "favorite nation" in "the free world" rules out interpreting the speech as a warning against the influence in Washington of Cuban exiles. Was Campbell referring to the Norwegian lobby? The French lobby, perhaps?

In recent weeks, Bob Dole's campaign for the Republican presidential nomination has benefited from revelations about his opponents' anti-Semitic and white-supremacist associations. Larry Pratt of Gun Owners of America stepped down as co-chairman of the Buchanan campaign when it was revealed that he had repeatedly spoken before groups espousing such views, including a conference of the pro-Nazi Christian Identity movement. Buchanan defended Pratt, but his campaign distanced itself from other extremists, including a Buchanan volunteer who served as an officer in the National Association for the Advancement of White People. The Forbes campaign was tarnished by stories (see "Under a Rock," TNR, January 29, 1996) that the candidate relied on advice from strategist Thomas Ellis. Ellis helped Jesse Helms craft his infamous "white hands" commercial, showing a white citizen crumpling a rejection slip while a voice-over explained that a "minority" had gotten the job (Helms went on to narrowly defeat black Democrat Harvey Gantt). Ellis has also served on the board of the Pioneer Fund, founded in the 1930s to promote the reproduction of descendants of the "white pioneers." The fund has subsidized much of the dubious scholarship on which Richard Herrnstein and Charles Murray base their allegations of innate black intellectual inferiority in *The Bell Curve*.

Now come revelations about Carroll Campbell's 1978 poll and his Liberty Lobby connection (issues first raised in public in 1986, in *The New York Times*, *The Charlotte Observer*, *The Columbia Record* and *The Greenville News*). Campbell has a reputation as a moderate and enlightened Republican governor. That makes the question all the more urgent: If this is what passes for moderation and enlightenment these days, what on earth is happening to the Republican Party? •

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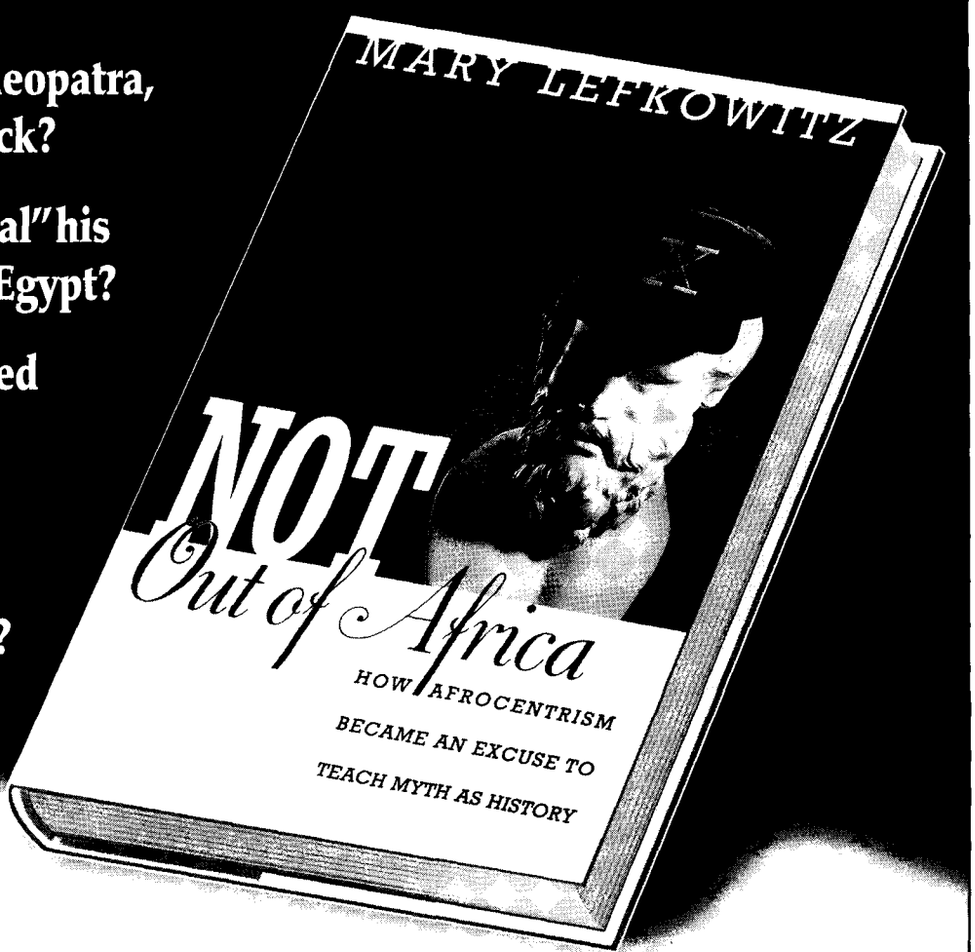
Did Aristotle "steal" his philosophy from Egypt?

Was Plato educated by Africans?

Did the ancient Greeks espouse white supremacy?



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Buchanan's judicial mess.

JUST A QUIRK

By Jeffrey Rosen

On January 29, in the Lehrman Auditorium at the Heritage Foundation, Pat Buchanan delivered a lecture called "Ending Judicial Dictatorship." The published version of the speech contains no footnotes, and Buchanan never indicated at the time that the ideas were not his own. In fact, the speech was written by William J. Quirk, a law professor at the University of South Carolina and co-author of *Judicial Dictatorship* (Transaction, 1995). It's a cut-and-paste job in which Quirk reproduced entire paragraphs from his book, and Buchanan cheerfully repeated them. Buchanan's attacks on Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg; his lament that the Court protects "criminals, atheists, homosexuals, flag-burners, illegal aliens"; his neo-Jeffersonian denunciation of judicial review: all appear verbatim in Quirk's book. "I did the first draft and then Pat worked on it," Quirk confessed to me, "and as you can tell the speech is completely faithful to the book."

"Buchanan's" views on judicial review typify the charlatanism of the candidate, who has boasted repeatedly that his thoughts and words are his own. "I have no pollsters, no consultants, no speech-writers," Buchanan crowed to *The Baltimore Sun* on February 19. "I write my own speeches and ads." But even more revealing is the tortuous confusion of the views that Buchanan is appropriating. Buchanan's speech, even more than Quirk's book, is a grab bag of mutually inconsistent conservative attacks on the judiciary that reveals Buchanan to be not a partisan of judicial restraint, or even of majority rule, but instead of a narrow set of right-wing policies that he is determined to enact by any means necessary.

The incoherence of Buchanan's jurisprudence is a useful window onto the incoherence of his politics. Because the Buchananite movement is a minority movement, and the social and economic conservatism of Buchanan supporters is not shared by the majority of American citizens, Buchanan can't decide which instantiation of the people is the most strategic vessel for his pseudo-populism: Congress, the state legislatures, the president, or the people themselves, in local or national referendum.

Like a gnarled oak thick with rings, the Quirk-Buchanan speech contains concentric layers of judicial-bashing from different periods in American history. Buchanan begins in the time warp of the Nixon era, attacking the "liberal activist" Supreme Court for thwarting the majority by creating minority rights out of thin air. Since the 1960s, he says, "the Court has been in the vanguard of an intellectual elite that believes that the prevailing social order of middle-class America is deeply flawed, unjust [... and] irrational...." Never mind that, since the 1980s, the conservative majority has been firmly in control, and today it is liberals like Justice Ginsburg who are partisans of judicial restraint, and who think the Court should uphold affirmative action programs and voting rights laws passed by the democratically elected Congress. Buchanan's notion of an eternal battle between "the Court" and "the middle class" is a relic from the 1970s, a favorite pair of worn-out slippers, and one can understand Buchanan's reluctance to abandon it.

Abruptly shifting gears, Buchanan lurches from the Nixon era to the Progressive era. To "rein in an out-of-control Court," he suggests, "[w]e could do what Theodore Roosevelt recommended in his 1912 presidential campaign—have the nation decide at the next election whether to uphold or reject any Court decision creating a new 'right' or overturning a state or federal law." Buchanan also endorses Roosevelt's suggestion that federal judges could be made subject to voter recall and removal. This strain of nationalist populism, unexpected on Buchanan's tongue, is based on Quirk's interest in the progressive-era debates between Roosevelt, Learned Hand and Herbert Croly about how best to overturn the laissez-faire decisions of the conservative justices, who struck down minimum-wage and maximum-hour laws after the turn of the century.

But the notion of majority rule by national referendum is hard to reconcile with Buchanan's paeans elsewhere in the speech to the importance of deciding constitutional questions locally. "Traditionally, in America, the middle-class family controlled most of the things central to its welfare," Buchanan intones. "They decided them at the state and local level—education, crime, spending and taxation, public health and welfare, including the issue of abortion."

Finally, Buchanan, closely following Quirk, applauds Jefferson's attack on the federalist judiciary, and his insistence that the executive had a "co-equal" right with the Supreme Court and Congress to make its own judgment about the constitutionality of legislation. There's no doubt that the darker elements in Jefferson's constitutional legacy appeal to Buchanan's authoritarian instincts. ("That's what a strong president did," Buchanan says admiringly of President Jefferson's insistence that the president had the power to appeal directly to the people, over the objections of Congress and the Court, to vindicate arguably unconstitutional executive acts.) But the earlier Jefferson, the author of the Declaration and the Bill for Establishing Religious Freedom, is an odd model for Pat Buchanan; and the centerpiece of Jefferson's constitutional vision, his revolutionary insistence that the Constitution derives "its obligation from the will of the existing majority," and should be remade every generation, is hard to reconcile with Buchanan's Reaganite boilerplate about the binding force of original intent.

If Buchanan's speech represented nothing more than the half-baked posturing of a pundit-politician, it would

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be easy to dismiss out of hand. But the speech is more interesting than that because it reveals an intellectual dilemma at the heart of the newly populist GOP: Which incarnation of the people shall be sovereign? At times, Buchanan suggests that Congress should be considered the representative of the people's will: "Congress could use its power, which is in the Constitution, to restrict the ... jurisdiction of the Supreme Court." But this can't be right for a self-styled defender of states' rights. Imagine that the Court had upheld, rather than struck down, state-imposed term limits, as Buchanan says it should have done. Congress, under Buchanan's scheme, might respond by stripping the Court of its jurisdiction to hear cases concerning the constitutionality of term limits. And Buchanan knows, ultimately, that his views on abortion and protectionism are unlikely to prevail in Congress. "Congress also, naturally, protects the Court because the Court is the source of most of its powers," says Buchanan in the most jumbled sentence of his speech.

The truth is that the most plausible protector of a rump movement like Buchananism is the arm of government that protects all political minorities: the judicial branch. Perhaps this is why, in the middle of his speech about judicial dictatorship, Buchanan abandons the pretense of judicial abstinence and excoriates the Supreme Court for failing to construe the antitrust laws broadly enough to protect the Zenith Corporation in a failed price-fixing suit against Japanese TV manufacturers in the 1980s. "The Court, when it could have made a difference, allowed the Japanese to drive the U.S. companies out of business," snarls Buchanan, siding with Justice Brennan rather than Justice Rehnquist. After he has lost his battle to seize control of the political branches, Buchanan knows that only judges can save him in the end. •

Pat speaks

"The second era of Reconstruction is over; the ship of Integration is going down; it is not our ship; it belongs to national liberalism—we cannot salvage it; and we ought not to be aboard." (Memo to Richard Nixon, 1970)

"Though Hitler was indeed racist and anti-Semitic to the core, a man who without compunction could commit murder and genocide, he was also an individual of great courage, a soldier's soldier in the Great War, a political organizer of the first rank, a leader steeped in the history of Europe, who possessed oratorical powers that could awe even those who despised him." (Column, 1977)

"You've got a great atrocity that occurred thirty-five, forty-five years ago, OK? Why continue to invest ... put millions of dollars into investigating that? I mean, why keep a special office to investigate Nazi war crimes?" (Television interview, 1982)

"The poor homosexuals—they have declared war against nature, and now nature is exacting an awful retribution." (Column, 1983)

"Women are simply not endowed by nature with the same measures of single-minded ambition and the will to succeed in the fiercely competitive world of Western capitalism.... The momma bird builds the nest. So it was, so it ever shall be. Ronald Reagan is not responsible for this. God is." (Column, 1983)

"Within the homosexual community, there are today incubating pandemic, rare and exotic diseases with a time-bomb potential of exploding into the general population. Without descending into clinical detail, some concept of the gay lifestyle needs to be understood. Its essence is random; repeated, anonymous sex—runaway promiscuity. The chapel of this new faith has been the bathhouse." (*The American Spectator*, 1984)

Joe McCarthy is to be hailed as a patriot. He "was cheered because for four years he was daily kicking the living hell out of people most Americans concluded ought to have the living hell kicked out of them." (Autobiography, 1988)

"The racial hazing of a black cadet at the Citadel is played up big (as it was in the national press); little mention is found, however, of the rapes of white coeds by black criminals." (Column, 1989)

"The Negroes of the '50s became the blacks of the '60s; now the 'African Americans' of the '90s demand racial quotas and set-asides, as the Democrats eagerly assent and a pandering GOP prepares to go along. Who speaks for the Euro-Americans who founded the United States?" (Column, 1990)

"Does this First World nation wish to become a Third World country? Because that is our destiny if we don't build a sea wall against the waves of immigration rolling over our shores." (Column, 1990)

"There are only two groups that are beating the drums for war in the Middle East—the Israeli Defense Ministry and its amen corner in the United States." ("The McLaughlin Group," 1990)

[While some American Jews are beating the drums of war, the Americans who would die in such a war are] "kids with names like McAllister, Murphy, Gonzalez and Leroy Brown." (Column, 1990)

"A visceral recoil from homosexuality is the natural reaction of a healthy society wishing to preserve itself. A prejudice against males who engage in sodomy with one another represents a normal and natural bias in favor of sound morality." (Column, 1991)

"I think God made all people good. But if we had to take a million immigrants in, say, Zulus, next year, or Englishmen, and put them in Virginia, which group would be easier to assimilate and would cause less problems for the people of Virginia?" ("This Week with David Brinkley," 1992)

"Why are we more shocked when a dozen people are killed in Vilnius than a massacre in Burundi? Because they are white people. That's who we are. That's where America comes from." (Column, 1992)

"[O]ur culture is superior. Our culture is superior ... because our religion is Christianity and that is the truth that makes man free." (Speech to the Christian Coalition, 1993)

STEPHEN GLASS

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A not-so-crazy economic plan.

TAKING BUCHANANOMICS SERIOUSLY

By John B. Judis

Pat Buchanan's economic views have inspired considerable confusion. At their meeting in Bal Harbour, the new AFL-CIO leaders attacked Buchanan as an enemy on the right. As AFL-CIO President John Sweeney opined, "Saying Pat Buchanan speaks for workers is like saying the Ayatollah Khomeini speaks for priests and rabbis." Steven Rosenthal, the new political director, chimed in, "It's like a wolf in sheep's clothing. He wants American workers to think he has the answers. But he has not put forward one proposal that's good for American workers."

Meanwhile, many conservatives denounce Buchanan for embracing liberal opinions. Stuart Butler of the Heritage Foundation told *The Washington Post*, "He sounds like somebody from the AFL-CIO. His notion that you've got to protect the market from the threat of competition abroad, and the threat of people raking off excess profits at the expense of the working person, is far to the left of most of the people in the Democratic Party." Ex-Bush administration official Jim Pinkerton described him as "the former conservative commentator turned isolationist Gephardtian liberal."

Buchanan's views don't fit the conventional paradigm of the left or the right. On issues such as increasing the minimum wage, barring the permanent replacement of striking workers or reducing capital gains taxes, Buchanan remains a staunchly conservative Republican, well to the right of Clinton. But Buchanan's ideas about international trade and global capitalism have changed dramatically over the last decade and are still in flux. He has gone from an ardent free-trader to a protectionist, from a champion of American business to one of its harshest critics. Buchanan's new positions partly reflect the old pre-World War II right, which advocated isolation and trade protection, but they also reflect a growing acceptance of principles traditionally associated with American liberalism.

When Buchanan served as Ronald Reagan's communications director from 1985 to 1987, he enthusiastically backed free trade. He wrote the statement accompanying Reagan's veto of a proposal to impose quotas on shoe imports in 1985, warning that it would precipitate a "trade war, a war we fought in 1930 with the infamous Smoot-Hawley tariff and lost." In his 1988 autobiography, *Right from the Beginning*, he called on the president to resist protectionist "pressures of American corporations and unions."

At the time, Buchanan's principal difference from Washington conservatives was philosophical. Unlike Jack Kemp or Bob Dole, he was not preoccupied with devising policies to enhance the profitability of American business. "To me, America was a good country and a great country long before she was a rich country; Cal Coolidge notwithstanding, the business of America is *not* business," Buchanan wrote in *Right from the Beginning*. In the Reagan years, however, this dissenting view of conservative politics did not affect Buchanan's positions on any particular economic issue.

Soon after leaving the Reagan administration, Buchanan began to alter his opinions on trade. The Toshiba case was an important catalyst. In 1987, Toshiba and a Norwegian company were found to have sold submarine parts to the Soviet Union. Congress initially voted for harsh sanctions against the companies, but the next year, under fierce pressure from Japan's lobbyists in Washington, the Senate backed off, settling for a slap on the wrist. The case stirred Buchanan's wrath and served as a bridge between his fading cold-war preoccupations and his emerging interest in trade and economic nationalism.

During this same period, Buchanan became acquainted with a group of Republican trade hawks. Anthony Harrigan was the president of the U.S. Business and Industrial Council. One of the council's principal backers was South Carolina textile magnate Roger Milliken. Trade consultant William Gill had advised American television, footwear and steel industries in their efforts to obtain trade relief in Washington and was working on a book, *Trade Wars Against America*. Alfred Eckes, an economic historian and a former chairman of the U.S. International Trade Commission under Reagan, was writing *Opening America's Market: U.S. Foreign Trade Policy Since 1776*, defending America's protectionist history.

Buchanan's new view of trade, unveiled in 1990, applied cold-war rhetoric to U.S. relations with Japan. In an introduction to a book, *America Asleep: The Free Trade Syndrome and the Global Economic Challenge*, published in early 1991 by the U.S. Business and Industrial Council, Buchanan wrote, "Japan's invasions of U.S.

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markets have been plotted at the highest levels in Tokyo with the same thoroughness that Admiral Yamamoto plotted Pearl Harbor."

Buchanan's view of trade took another dramatic turn during the 1992 presidential campaign and the debate over the North American Free Trade Agreement. When Buchanan traveled to New Hampshire in December 1991, he discovered that the state's workers, battered by the recession, were surprisingly receptive to his message about trade. At the same time, he became more sensitive to their fears of runaway shops and competition from low-wage foreign workers. And he absorbed their resentment of corporate America. Buchanan, the son of a well-to-do accountant, began a romance with America's manufacturing workers, merging a nostalgic current in the Old Right with one in the left: *Chronicles*, a conservative magazine from Rockford, Illinois, and Russell Kirk with Bruce Springsteen and Ohio Congressman Jim Traficant.

In the new global capitalism, Buchanan's rejection of Coolidge-style conservative Republicanism took on important practical implications. Buchanan rejected business profit and economic growth not simply as the promise of American life, but as the overriding objective of economic policy. With profits rising at the same time that wages were declining, Buchanan began to argue that American economic policy should be judged by whether it enhanced the living standards of American workers. He traced his own position to the Catholic social policies of Leo XIII and the economic theories of German Christian Democrat Wilhelm Roepke, but, in American terms, his new emphasis put him solidly in the tradition of the left and liberal Democrats.

Buchanan articulated this new perspective in columns opposing NAFTA and GATT. "As transnational corporations compete ever more ferociously, First World workers become expendable," he wrote in November 1994. "The casualty lists from corporate warfare begin to look like figures from the Somme and Verdun.... Many have begun to ask: What has global competition done for the quality of life of Middle America? What, after all, is an economy for, if not for its people?"

In this year's presidential campaign, Buchanan has gone beyond these subversive sentiments. He has not merely criticized CEOs and Wall Street financiers, but has proposed government initiatives to discourage American multinationals from moving overseas in search of lower wages. Buchanan has advocated a "social tariff" that would protect American workers from imports produced by low-wage labor overseas. Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt and other progressive Republicans justified their own tariff proposals on similar grounds, but this kind of proposal has not been seriously advanced in Washington since 1971, when the AFL-CIO sponsored a bill to restrict the movement of American multinationals. In current American terms, Buchanan's proposal puts him not only to the left of Clinton, but of the current AFL-CIO, which attacked Buchanan at Bal Harbour for opposing "open markets."

Buchanan has also edged closer to liberal positions on other issues. He rejects congressional Republican efforts to reduce the growth of Medicare spending. While he would not deny businesses the right to replace striking workers, he now says he would have walked the picket line with Boeing workers who protested when the company sent their jobs overseas. Buchanan isn't simply pandering to voters. He is following the logic of his own economic philosophy. How far he will go, and whether his economic convictions will eventually conflict with his retrograde social positions, is anybody's guess. As some of his critics charge, Buchanan could be dreaming of an American fascism, in which a corporate state feeds and clothes its citizens but selectively deprives them of rights and liberties. Or he could be moving toward a genuine convergence of left and right.

Some pundits and economists argue that Buchanan's analysis and proposals do not deserve serious consideration. On ABC, George Will described them as "the equivalent of creationism. No serious person believes it." On National Public Radio, Stanford economist Paul Krugman said that "you'd have to scour the country to find a single Ph.D. economist who would support Pat Buchanan's position on trade. It's a mile outside the ballpark of respectable opinion on this thing." These assessments are unduly harsh and say more about those who make them than about Buchanan's views.

It is unclear how Buchanan's proposals would work, but much of his analysis of global capitalism comes directly from a dissenting current among American economists and Washington policy intellectuals. Buchanan's analysis won't be found at the American Enterprise Institute or the University of Chicago but could be heard at the Economic Policy Institute or the Berkeley Roundtable for International Economics, where Clinton official Laura D'Andrea Tyson used to preside.

Buchanan's principal analytical claim is that trade deficits, particularly with Japan, and free trade rules that encourage runaway shops have contributed to the decline or stagnation in American living standards over the last two decades. That's hard to dismiss. The mere threat of businesses moving overseas—or to other states or cities—has choked off pressure for wage increases. The transfer of manufacturing jobs overseas has raised the supply of manufacturing and service workers relative to demand, holding down wages, and has also led to a shift from higher-paying manufacturing to lower-paying service jobs. The trade deficit in manufacturing goods with Japan has had the same effect.

Contrary to Will and Krugman, many reputable economists now attribute wage stagnation partly to trade pressures. Recently, Jeffrey Sachs and Howard Shatz argued that "trade with developing nations ... can lead to downward pressures on unskilled wages." In a 1991 paper for the National Bureau of Economic Research, economists George Borjas, Richard Freeman and Lawrence Katz showed that from 1979 to 1985 the U.S. trade deficit increased the supply of manufacturing

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workers relative to demand by 8.22 percent. According to the Economic Policy Institute's Larry Mishel, if trade were responsible for only 20 percent of wage decline, it would still have caused a 3 percent drop in wage rates over the last fifteen years.

Buchanan proposes using tariffs to eliminate trade deficits and remove downward pressure from low-wage workers. He wants to put a 10 percent tariff on Japanese goods and a 20 (or sometimes 40) percent tariff on Chinese goods until those countries eliminate their trade deficit with the U.S. Buchanan's proposal appears novel partly because he uses the discarded term "tariff" instead of the more fashionable term "surcharge." In 1971, Richard Nixon clamped a surcharge on Japanese imports to force Japan to revalue the yen. In 1986, Reagan placed one on Japanese semiconductor imports to get the Japanese to lift barriers against the purchase of American semiconductors.

Tariffs like Buchanan's have worked in the past. They helped America and Germany industrialize during the nineteenth century and sped Japan and Western Europe's recovery after World War II. Chalmers Johnson, the president of the Japan Policy Research Institute at the University of California, San Diego, thinks the Buchanan strategy is a perfectly feasible way to respond to the Japanese. Says Johnson, "The only time we ever caught their attention was when Richard Nixon did precisely that in 1971."

Robert Angel, a professor of government at the University of South Carolina, thinks Buchanan's current proposals are too crude. He argues that tariffs should be limited to "dutiable imports" to prevent penalizing American firms that use Japanese components; and he believes 10 percent is too low—devaluation has had a far more dramatic impact. Like Johnson, however, he thinks that such an approach could work in principle. "It could encourage the Japanese leadership to reconsider its mercantilist trade policies and discourage other Asian countries from emulating the Japanese."

Buchanan's proposal for a social tariff is also feasible in principle, but it would be difficult to implement. The U.S. would have to employ hundreds of different tariff schedules for different countries, depending on their wage levels. Alan Tonelson of the U.S. Business and Industrial Council, who has advised Buchanan on trade policy, advocates using local content requirements for specific domestic goods. These kinds of rules, which have been used in Europe, exempt goods that contain a certain percentage of domestic components from special taxes or duties. No distinction would be made between American and foreign-owned companies. Like a social tariff, these kinds of rules would discourage American companies from moving overseas and encourage foreign firms to invest here.

Some American economists, employing a model of perfect competition, have insisted that tariffs could only harm the American economy, but a new group has advanced a theory of strategic trade. One of these, ironically, is Krugman. According to this theory, government intervention through subsidies or tariffs can, under certain conditions, encourage rather than hold back industries. In *Rethinking International Trade*, Krugman wrote that "an individual country acting alone may have reasons not to adopt free trade. New trade models show that it is possible, not certain, that such tools as export subsidies, temporary tariffs and so on may shift world specialization in a way favorable to the protective nation."

Buchanan's analysis and his proposals deserve serious consideration—certainly as much as Steve Forbes's ideas about taxes. That they involve risks is obvious. Buchanan's proposals would require a significant change in American foreign policy. The U.S. would have to abrogate GATT, which bars the kind of tariffs that Buchanan advocates. Buchanan's measures could also provoke trade retaliation from Japan and China and other countries affected by either a social tariff or local content rules. Buchanan argues these countries would not risk a trade war in which they were shut out of lucrative American markets, but his proposals could lead to the fragmentation of the world economy into hostile regional blocs.

If Buchanan's trade ideas were put into effect, they also might not immediately raise Americans' standard of living. Eliminating the U.S. trade deficit and discouraging runaway shops will increase demand for workers relative to supply and could increase salaries, but there are other factors depressing American wages. These include the decline in unionization (unionized workers enjoy significantly higher wages than non-unionized workers in the same industries), the erosion of the minimum wage and of government social programs and the shift out of manufacturing into service employment caused by technological change rather than by trade.

Such reservations don't, however, invalidate Buchanan's proposals. While eliminating trade deficits and discouraging runaway shops won't increase wages dramatically, trying to raise Americans' standard of living by other means while ignoring global pressures will lead to disaster, pricing American firms out of the world market and causing an eventual loss of jobs. Buchanan's proposals are not sufficient to improve Americans' standard of living; but they may be necessary.

Buchanan is clearly venturing onto unknown terrain. Just as the big question of late-nineteenth-century capitalism was how to curb the destructive aspects of large-scale industrialization, the big question of late-twentieth-century capitalism is how to limit the inequities created by the new global capitalism. Both then and now, conservatives have argued that any attempt to modify market forces would only make matters worse. Even liberals in Congress and the Clinton administration have come to believe this. Whatever one thinks of Buchanan's social views, his economic program represents a bold, even radical, departure from current orthodoxy. It needs to be discussed and debated rather than dismissed out of hand. •

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THE JORDAN IMPERATIVE

By Edward Norden

Anyone tempted to forget history's persistent relevance in today's Middle East might consider the men who delivered the opening eulogies at Yitzhak Rabin's funeral. The first was Ezer Weizman. Ex-fighter pilot, ex-Likud hawk, then Laborite dove, and now president of Israel, he claims in his memoirs that, on the eve of the Six Day War, he stood in as chief-of-staff when Rabin briefly suffered an attack of nerves. Despite having shortened the family name, Ezer, as he is referred to by his countrymen, remains the nephew of Chaim Weizmann, a giant of Zionism and the first president of the reborn Jewish state.

Once, long ago, the uncle had his picture taken. He was dressed in a three-piece off-white linen suit and wore a fancy *keffiyeh*, a piece of native headgear lent to him for the occasion, perhaps by the other man in the picture. The year before the photo was taken, Chaim had shown genius by winning from the British a declaration that His Majesty's Government viewed with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people. If the Bible was Zionism's charter, the Balfour Declaration in 1917 was its enabling act. The Declaration had exhilarated a great many, though by no means all, Jews around the world and caught the attention of everyone in the business of politics and diplomacy, including the other man in the picture.

Faisal-the-son-of-Hussein would, more than forty years later, be played not too unconvincingly by Alec Guinness in *Lawrence of Arabia*. Historical truth, with its layers of complication, is probably too much to ask of entertainment. The film's hero, arguably, was not history, or even Lawrence, but nature, and it's probably enough that David Lean shot most of it in the Jordanian desert, clearly visible on a winter's day from Jerusalem and not far, actually, from where the non-athletic Weizmann risked dysentery and heatstroke to meet Faisal and try to persuade the man whose family symbolized Arab nationalism to give his blessing to Jewish nationalism. To his delight, the liberal, Machiavellian head of the Zionist movement got what he came for. He knew that, if the Arabs went along, it would be much easier to finesse the Balfour Declaration into what Theodor Herzl had prophesied before he went to an early grave: a reborn Jewish state.

Wearing a paper skullcap like Bill Clinton and Prince Charles and Rabin's former enemy Shimon Peres, the nephew of Chaim Weizmann followed protocol by speaking first. Right after him, as the only king in attendance, his head wrapped in an ordinary red-and-white *keffiyeh*, came Hussein of Jordan, Faisal's grand-nephew. Everyone agreed that Hussein's presentation was the day's best. Speaking without notes, this Muslim called the Jew in the coffin his brother, his friend "who fell for peace as did my grandfather in this city." You had to wonder how many of the VIPs in the plastic chairs lined up on the grass, and how many among the tens, if not hundreds, of millions tuned in around the planet, had the vaguest idea what the man was talking about. He was hinting at a critical principle of Middle East geopolitics which has endured for the better part of this century: the tacit alliance, cemented by fear of Palestinian nationalism, between the Hashemites who rule Jordan and the Zionists who rule Israel. In other words, he was talking about history.

"A land without people for a people without a land," the badly informed Herzl wrote of Palestine when he started the Zionist movement at the end of the last century. Before he died he learned better. People did live here, and their acquiescence could not be taken for granted. You had only to come and look, as he did, or, failing that, read the latest book. As early as 1910, a young Zionist colonist or pioneer like David Ben-Gurion read Negib Azoury's little book, *The Reawakening of the Arab Nation*, containing some of the first and still among the most quotable of the billions of words to be published on the conflict between Arab and Jewish nationalism:

> Two important phenomena, of the same nature yet opposed to one another, and which so far have caught the attention of no one, are stirring in Asiatic Turkey: they are the reawakening of the Arab nation and the latent effort of the Jews to reconstitute on a very grand scale the ancient monarchy of Israel. These two movements are destined to fight one another continually, until one of them defeats the other. Upon the final outcome of this struggle between two peoples representing two opposing principles will depend the fate of the whole world.

Azoury was a Maronite from Lebanon who had worked in Jerusalem for the Ottoman civil service and later spied for the French. Anti-Semitic to his fingertips, he deserves credit for seeing that the problem between Zionism and Arabism would go on and on and that, for many, especially on the Arab side, it would always be a zero-sum game. Azoury was also bright enough to understand that, although Zionism had some of the features of garden-variety European colonialism, its roots in ancient history made it special.

How very special is made clear by comparison with the nearest analogy. Almost exactly 300 years before Weizmann and Faisal met in the desert, the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock and began building their own Zion. This New World, inhabited only by aborigines, was huge beyond imagining and totally unknown to the whites. But the real Zionists, settling as best they could in Ottoman Palestine a decade before the Weizmann-Faisal meeting, explicitly believed they had returned to a well-known home. The same Old Testament that the better-educated of the American founders read in Hebrew served for the atheistic founders of *Kibbutzim* as a deed to a sliver of the Middle East that Herman Melville had described as God-forsaken.

Insofar as Zionism could be seen as another European colonial project, it was the last one, getting started even after

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Teddy Roosevelt grabbed pieces of the fading Spanish Empire. The authentic imperialisms had carved up the Third World; progressives were already ripping the mask off the White Man's Burden; and, rather than conquering new territories, the stronger empires now merely fed on the weaker. If Weizmann had not been there when the British Empire put an end to the Ottoman, Herzl's dream might have remained just that.

Self-interested and romantic, cold and muddleheaded, and grasping at anything not to lose the war in Europe, the British issued the Balfour Declaration. A month later, General Allenby walked victorious into the Old City of Jerusalem, and, for the next thirty years of their mandate over the Holy Land, the British would simultaneously protect the embryonic Jewish state from the Arabs and Rommel and, by barring immigration, make sure that the Jews of Europe for whom the National Home was intended had nowhere to go but the gas chambers. Whatever acreage the Zionists took possession of during this period was bought not with beads and mirrors but with large amounts of gold, from Palestinian landlords. The twentieth-century Jews were too late, too few, too weak, too dependent on the British and—until Hitler and the winding-up of the Mandate—perhaps too decent to play the game in the regular way. Yet, even if they had started coming back to the Middle East in 1620, they probably could not have imitated the white settlers of Massachusetts because the natives here were not the Pequot.

The Arabs in the seventeenth century, as they are in the twentieth, were broken up into any number of disputatious tribes. But, although few men and fewer women could read or write, these were not primitives with a mess of quaint religions and unwritten languages, nor were Napoleon and Ben-Gurion, respectively, the first European and Jew they had ever seen. The message of the Prophet had been vouchsafed to the world through the Arabs in their own language and book. Illiterate or not, they were aware that civilization had been theirs when the Franks lived in trees and that Saladin, a Kurd admittedly, had liberated Jerusalem in the name of the faith. As for the Jews, the Arabs had known them even longer and presumably better—a small, monotheistic old tribe, spread thinly from Morocco to Yemen, one which generally knew its place, though in the Koran it was stated that the Jews laughed at Mohammed when he came to them with his news, and that the servant girl who tried to poison him was Jewish as well. For Christians or Jews to help themselves to any part of the realm of Islam, especially any of its Arab heartland, was a different proposition from colonizing America.

Odd, therefore, that for a short time Weizmann actually believed that an Arab had given him the green light he needed to make good on the Balfour Declaration. Not just any Arab either—the Emir Faisal was one of the sons of Hussein, the *sherif* or hereditary guardian of Mecca, a Bedouin, scion of the Hashemite family which traced itself back to the Prophet and which, even before Lawrence showed up, had raised the black-red-white-and-green flag of the Arab Revolt against its fellow Muslims, the Turks. Here was something potentially grander than the alliance between the European settlers and the Mohicans against the Pequot. In his meetings with Faisal in 1918 and the next year in Versailles at the peace conference Weizmann seems to have persuaded both himself and the Emir that Arab nationalism and Jewish nationalism could make beautiful music together.

A couple of famous documents were signed by the rather pitiful Faisal at Versailles. The first was the contract between him and Weizmann obligating the Zionists to help the Arabs—i.e., the Hashemites—develop the great Arab state they believed the British had promised, in exchange for which the Arabs would reconcile themselves to the Balfour Declaration and consent to the mass immigration of Jews from the Diaspora into Palestine. No historian doubts that Lawrence penned this agreement. He may also have written Faisal's letter to Felix Frankfurter, the Harvard professor attending the conference wearing two hats—member of the American Zionist delegation and legal consultant to Woodrow Wilson. The Arabs and Jews were "cousins," wrote Faisal-Lawrence to Frankfurter. "We will wish the Jews a most hearty welcome home.... We will help you and you will help us."

Nothing of any of this is in *Lawrence of Arabia* nor the overheated memoir it was based on, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. But, of course, the end of the film does hint that British promises made earlier to the Arabs would not be honored. Either Lawrence or Faisal, conceivably both, suspected as much in real life, for a postscript was attached: Faisal would not carry out the deal if he and his family were not set up as expected. "Perfectly understandable," commented Weizmann.

For the rest of his life, Israel's first president brooded on how the chance for a joint Semitic renaissance was lost. It would have been strange if Weizmann, with his connections, had not known that in 1915 his British friends had agreed to divide the Middle East with the French after the war. How this was supposed to fit with British pledges to the Hashemites in that same year, not to mention the Balfour Declaration, remains an open question to this day. Yet, despite this excess of promises, he seems to have sincerely trusted, or hoped, at least through Versailles, that his people and the Arabs could gain satisfaction and help each other in a part of the world which had room to spare. This may illustrate how naïve even a meat-eating and cunning liberal can be.

Could a Hashemite family established in power and glory in Mecca, Damascus and Baghdad have delivered Palestine to the Zionists without bloodshed? Probably not. The natives of Haifa and Jaffa and Ramallah and East Jerusalem, of whom the noble Faisal was said by Weizmann in 1918 to be "contemptuous," would probably have resisted Zionism with all their might anyway. No one willingly shares his native land. Yet the general Arab humiliation when the French chased Faisal from Damascus in 1920—and Wilsonian self-determination and full independence was delayed from Egypt to the Gulf—made it harder still to watch Palestine and Jerusalem being turned over, as it appeared, to the Jews.

The next thirty years tested Weizmann's liberalism and destroyed most of his optimism. About one thing, however, he professed to be sanguine even as an old man. "Fundamental realities—and I hold the ultimate identity of Arab and Jewish interests to be a fundamental reality—have a way of reasserting themselves," he said in his memoirs in 1949. This was right in the middle of the horrible fighting in which the Jewish state, after nineteen centuries, climbed from the grave.

Ironically, the only battles the Jews lost in that war—a war in which the young Rabin commanded a brigade and the young Peres stood at Ben-Gurion's elbow—were at the hands of Bedouin troops loyal to a man who couldn't have agreed with Weizmann more. Abdullah-the-brother-of-Faisal, unmentioned in *Lawrence of Arabia*, is mocked as a hypochondriac in *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. Yet this Hashemite was far more interesting, ambitious, sly, patriotic, realistic and determined than his brother. If Faisal was content to live out his days in Baghdad as make-believe king of Iraq under British protection, Abdullah was never satisfied with the wedge of desert on the East Bank of the River Jordan given him as a consolation prize by Winston Churchill, especially not after his family was removed from Mecca by Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud.

So far as the British let him, Abdullah

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would try to use Transjordan and the Hijaz railroad stop of Amman as a springboard. He eyed Damascus, then Jerusalem, cultivating Arabs in both towns. More important, in the '20s, '30s and '40s, through the first intifada and the further whittling-down of the Balfour Declaration, he cultivated, and let himself be cultivated by, the Zionists. The British-French deal may have prevented an out-and-out Zionist-Hashemite marriage. Yet a quiet symbiosis remained not just possible but inescapable. Abdullah was to behave throughout as if the Arab interest, synonymous with the interests of the Hashemite family, dictated cooperation with the modernizing, dynamic Zionists. This was not the zero-sum game other Arabs thought it was.

For example, Abdur Rahman Azzam Pasha, secretary general of the Arab League, testifying before one of those blue-ribbon committees which used to come out to study the problem, responded to the idea that Zionism might be good for the Arabs with the classic statement:

> Our brother has gone to Europe and the West and come back something else.... The Zionist, the new Jew, wants to dominate, and he pretends that he has got a particular civilizing mission with which he returns to a backward degenerate race in order to put the elements of progress into an area which has no progress. Well, that has been the pretension of every power that wanted to colonize and aimed at domination.... The Arabs simply say "no."... We are not going to allow ourselves to be controlled either by great nations or small nations or dispersed nations.

CHAIM WEIZMANN, 1928

UPI/Corbis-Bettmann

Abdullah was the first Arab with cards to play who saw things differently. The new Jew had come back to stay and could be helpful in several ways. For one thing, as the old desert saying went, "The enemy of my enemy is my friend." Palestinian nationalism may have been nothing more than a reaction of those Arabs who had the most to lose from the Balfour Declaration. Nevertheless, it was Zionism's mortal enemy, and Abdullah's, too. If it prevailed, there would be no Jewish state, but Transjordan's chances would not be good, either, since the border drawn by Churchill along the river in 1922, establishing the emirate and releasing two-thirds of Mandatory Palestine from Balfour's terms, was an improvisation. The control, if not the elimination, of Palestinian nationalism was the vital, mutual, unspoken interest binding Zionists and Hashemites already in 1935, when Abdullah's grandson was born and named Hussein.

It remained so in 1947-48, when, like Solomon, the U.N. General Assembly decreed that the country west of the river should be cut up fifty-fifty into Jewish and Palestinian states, and the Emir, having prearranged it with Ben-Gurion's emissary Golda Meir, sent his troops to claim the Arab part. The unfortunate fighting with the Jews was only for Jerusalem, which the U.N. had tried to internationalize. Abdullah, thus, saved the mosques on the Temple Mount, and what later became known as the West Bank, for Islam and the Arabs. He then annexed the West Bank and East Jerusalem to what became the kingdom of Jordan and granted citizenship to the Palestinians on both sides of the river; overnight they became the majority of his subjects. But for this he got little thanks. The open secret in the marketplace and the brand-new refugee camps was that he was about to upgrade his armistice with the devilish Jews into a peace treaty. And one Friday morning in 1951, coming to perform his devotions in the Al-Aksa mosque in Jerusalem, where the pulpit was endowed by Saladin, the king was gunned down by a Palestinian barber's apprentice in full view of the boy Hussein.

Jump forward to Mount Herzl Cemetery in Jerusalem, November 1995. It's one year after the signing of a peace treaty between Jordan and Israel, and the Arab eulogizing the Jew in the coffin beside him is a grandfather himself now, bruised around the eyes. He has a right to his appearance. Not only was Hussein present at the Aksa murder. He had, since assuming the throne in the same year Elizabeth became queen and Dwight Eisenhower president, been regularly counted out and shot at; he had been called a pimp and a dwarf over Nasser's radio station; informed of the lynching of his royal cousin in Baghdad; hounded by Marxists and Islamicists and pan-Arabs; he had lost the Arab, the Muslim, half of Jerusalem in an unavoidable war to the Israelis in 1967; seen what remained of his kingdom dragged to the verge of extinction by the PLO and invaded by Syrian tanks; lost a wife in a helicopter crash; felt America's wrath for not joining the gang-up on Saddam; and been diagnosed with cancer. By any reasonable odds, the little country invented by Churchill and its king should both have been long gone.

Instead, no Arab country at the end of the twentieth century is ruled as well and humanely as Jordan, no Arab city is as safe, clean, mellow and busy as Jordan's capital, no Arab ruler better-liked by those he rules than the great survivor, Hussein. Luck, courage and shrewdness alone would not have been enough to parlay the hand dealt to him as a teenage king into the one he holds today. Hussein has also needed in his corner both the far-away power which took over from Great Britain and the neighboring Jews his grandfather used to invite to the palace.

All enduring relationships have their ups and downs, of course. The Hashemite-Zionist symbiosis, ripening into the Jordanian-Israeli symbiosis, endured, though it had its ups and downs

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and had to wait until 1994 to be solemnized with public vows. It has endured thanks not so much to love as to common interest. Both partners faced the same nemesis, what Azoury might have called the same opposing principle. This was and is Palestinian nationalism. The wiser of the Israelis came to understand that their conquest during the Six Day War of the West Bank or Judea and Samaria, after Hussein reluctantly opened fire on them, had interrupted a slow, beneficial process—the Jordanization of the Palestinians and the dilution of their uniquely dangerous brand of nationalism. A Jewish presence was sure to reconcentrate it.

It took twenty years before the intifada exploded, however. And there were several other reasons why, until they sat down with the PLO, the Israelis did so little to end what the world, and their own doves, called the occupation. First, the Arab buildup which precipitated the 1967 war had scared them. The buffer of the occupied territories offered reassurance—no longer was downtown Tel Aviv less than ten miles from the border. Equally obvious was that Judea and Samaria constituted the heart of the Biblical Land of Israel. The Laborites who looked as if they would govern forever were mostly atheists. But even those at odds with the Bible-quoting Ben-Gurion found it hard not to feel that they had brought Jewish history full circle and shouldn't rush to leave Hebron, Shilo, Jericho, not to mention the Old City of Jerusalem and the Western Wall of the Temple. And even those who felt nothing in Hebron or at the Wall had to remember coalition arithmetic. All Labor coalitions depended on the National Religious Party (NRP). These were the skullcapped Zionists who in the old days played second fiddle to the Socialists but who, as a consequence of the Six Day War and the liberation of the Whole Land of Israel, turned messianic. Eventually they and their children would found settlements legal and illegal, ally with the Likud, go all-out to cripple Rabin's government after the Handshake and finally produce his killer, a male child born soon after Judea and Samaria were miraculously retaken. Why offend the NRP when there weren't even Arabs with whom to talk peace?

And, in fact, for a long time there were none. Moshe Dayan, Minister of Defense, said on the morrow of the war that he was awaiting a phone call, his implication being that, if the Syrians, Jordanians and Egyptians wanted their land back, they could have it for peace—all except Jerusalem. Rather than calling, the Arabs met in Khartoum and came out with three no's—no peace, no talks, no recognition. As for the Palestinians, they were out of the question, their nationalism embodied as it was by the young and cocky Arafat.

Some would call the Israeli policy intransigent. A better adjective would be cautious, which was how the state usually acted. Although the besieged Jewish state had lived dangerously since 1948, its geopolitics were never daring. The long-range strategic aim was regional acceptance through peace treaties with the Arab states. There were, however, no brilliant, risky moves, either hawkish or dovish, to bring the Arabs around faster. The Six Day War appeared to have shaken things up, but it had been forced on Israel. Coming publicly to terms with the Jewish state was too much for the Arabs, including King Hussein. A man like Habib Bourguiba might recommend lateral thinking, might argue that the way to draw Zionism's sting was to make peace with the Jews, absorbing this pseudo-nation back into the Arab vastness before time and the effects of the siege rendered it genuine and ineradicable. But it was easy for him to talk dovishly—he was far away in Tunisia and had no direct quarrel with Israel. The Arab strategy until after the Yom Kippur War in 1973 boiled down to the outraged quarantine, the boycott, the siege.

Conceptually, therefore, it was easy for the Israeli geopoliticians. The dovish Moshe Sharett, who was briefly prime minister in the '50s, made no dent. Practically, Ben-Gurion followed the Iron Wall strategy of his late, great right-wing Zionist enemy Vladimir Jabotinsky—the Jews must keep strong, give not an inch, wait until the Arabs realized Israel was here for good and sued for peace. So long as both sides manned their respective Iron Walls, there was also no practical geopolitical dispute between the Labor establishment and the Israeli right wing. Menachem Begin, after all, had never proposed starting a war to conquer the rest of the homeland.

The outcome of the Six Day War complicated things. For the first time, Israel might have something tangible to offer the Arabs. Soon after the war, the Labor Party unofficially okayed a plan involving the return of most of the West Bank to King Hussein. It was known as the Allon Plan for its author, the general-turned-Labor politician Yigal Allon. While the Bible was not foreign to him, topography, lines of fire and the demographic integrity of the actual Jewish state were more important. His idea was to annex the nearly empty Jordan Valley, a barrier against tanks, while shedding occupied Palestinian towns like Ramallah. The Arab partner in such a "territorial compromise," it was understood, would be Hussein. So was born the expression, "Jordanian Option."

Although Labor never officially issued Allon's plan, territorial compromise appeared in its every platform, and the location of the Jewish settlements it established in the territories conformed to the map inferable from his speeches and writings. Much of the story of the last quarter-century is of various Laborites in and out of power trying to sell Hussein the Jordanian Option; of his declining to buy it and of other Israelis creating facts on the ground that they hoped would make territorial compromise in the Promised Land, with the king or anyone else, impossible.

Over the years, in his palace, in tents in the desert, in Tel Aviv, in safe houses in Europe, Hussein met all the Laborites: Meir, Allon, Dayan, Peres, Rabin. Nothing came of these sessions because, for what the Israelis were theoretically ready to give back to him—part of the West Bank and a foothold in Jerusalem—the king was not ready to consummate what his grandfather had begun. It would be too risky, especially after 1974, when the PLO was anointed the Palestinians' "sole legitimate representative" by the Arab League. Then Begin was elected prime minister and the Jordanian Option went to its apparent grave. Begin was the hero of that wing of Zionism which had always claimed both sides of the river for the Jews. It might finally reconcile itself to Churchill's lopping off the East Bank, but from the so-called West Bank it would never budge. Indeed, when Begin exchanged the whole Sinai, also captured in 1967, for a separate peace treaty with Anwar Sadat, the first breach in the wall, he obviously hoped this would allow Israel to hold on to Judea and Samaria forever. Only if they gave him the same deal they had given the Egyptian could the much weaker Hashemite settle publicly with the Israelis, and here the Likud was even less apt to oblige than Labor.

The more time passed, the deader the Jordanian Option seemed. Ariel Sharon, defense minister in Begin's government after Ezer Weizman quit, and father of dozens of new settlements outside the limits of the Allon Plan, even said he wanted Israel to drop the Hashemite Connection altogether, letting what remained of Jordan become what it ought to be, a Palestinian republic. Wasn't it a fact that two out of three of Hussein's subjects on the East Bank were of Palestinian origin? "Jordan is Palestine," declared Sharon. Meanwhile, acting on a bold geopolitical concept, he took the Israeli Defense Forces all the way to Beirut to destroy the PLO and set the Lebanese Maronites up as top dogs of a

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client state. Israel would simply bull its way to peace by redesigning the Middle East. It didn't work. And in Judea and Samaria he encouraged Palestinians to join something known as the Village League. This was an outfit armed by the Shabak, the Israeli secret police, and considered traitorous both by the nationalists and the king's men. It was not a success, either. The very attempt was off-putting, so that, when Yitzhak Shamir, a Zionist cut from the same ideological fabric as Begin, succeeded to the premiership, there was little for him and the king to talk about.

Little except those interests which the Jewish state under any government and the Hashemite monarchy will always have in common: tying up Palestinian nationalism, keeping the line at the river quiet and squelching plots against the king. Under Begin and Shamir, as under Labor, intelligence was shared with the *Muharrabat*, Hussein's secret police. From 1971, when he booted the PLO from the East Bank, the river was a peaceful boundary across which goods and people—all but Israelis—came and went. As for Palestinian nationalism, the occupation was the best medium for it to grow in. The approval rating of the PLO and the nomadic Arafat might fluctuate. But, with every passing day, those Arabs in the West Bank and East Jerusalem who counted themselves among the king's men grew older and fewer while the young, who held Jordanian passports for convenience but in whom the fires of Palestine burned, multiplied. Should Hussein, descendant of the Prophet, forget the mosques in Jerusalem and concentrate on building a nation in the East Bank? It seems his brother Hassan, with his Oxford degree, advised him to. But, when Arafat's stock was low in the mid-'80s, the king proved that he had not forgotten Jerusalem. He dusted off the idea of a Palestinian-Jordanian confederation with himself basically in charge.

We now know that Hussein was being simultaneously coaxed by Shimon Peres to go it alone, to sign a peace treaty regardless of the PLO, as Sadat had done. It was a bizarre situation, even for Israel. A so-called national unity government of Likud and Labor was in place, with Shamir and Peres alternating as prime minister and foreign minister and Rabin as defense minister; Peres, behaving as if he had the right, was meeting Hussein in London and urging on him yet another version of the Jordanian Option. Finally, in 1987, the king consented. Peres brought the London Agreement to the cabinet, where Shamir, infuriated, killed it. Not long afterwards, the intifada (actually intifada II) made its debut in Gaza, spreading to the West Bank. Here was Palestinian nationalism with a vengeance. For a couple of months, Hussein watched Rabin trying to quash it as the British crushed the first intifada in the '30s. When the Israelis failed, he put on his dress military uniform, went on Jordan TV and ceremoniously kissed goodbye forever both the Occupied Territories and a separate peace with the Jews. Yet, seven years later, the king signed just such a treaty. What changed?

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PRINCE FAISAL AND HIS ENTOURAGE AT THE PARIS PEACE CONFERENCE, 1919

The urbane Peres was only able finally to engineer a strategic breakthrough with the Hashemite monarch thanks to Labor ditching him as its number one before the 1992 elections. Continually, for almost two decades, he and Rabin had fought one another with the utmost nastiness. Their differences were less ideological, more tactical and stylistic. Rabin was the soldier who believed in letting the Arabs come to him when they were ready. Peres was the lifelong civilian, a self-taught intellectual who quoted Thomas More and who, during Begin's premiership, had the leisure to start evolving from hawk to dove, convincing himself that a new, peaceful, more rational Middle East along the lines of the European Community was not utopian. It depended on a breakthrough with King Hussein.

Such a breakthrough, however, was impossible under a paralyzing national unity government, never mind a Likud one. Only a Labor government could hope to bring it off, and only if Labor presented the gruff Rabin at the top of its list again might the voters return it to power. This is what the party was finally smart enough to do in 1992.

The new Labor prime minister, with Peres his foreign minister, had always said that most of the "real estate" conquered in 1967 was negotiable. For example, in 1974, when Rabin took over from Meir, he said that he wouldn't mind having to obtain a visa to visit the Tomb of the Patriarchs in Hebron. But this was simply Labor gospel as enunciated by Rabin's old commander, Yigal Allon. The principle of some withdrawal or redeployment in Judea, Samaria and Gaza was never in question for Rabin. Nor was there any question that it was the king who must be dealt with, eventually. The only questions were of extent and timing—Israel must steadily hold on to its chips until the right time, until the most geopolitical profit could be realized from exchanging them for peace with the Arab or Arabs who could, like Sadat, be depended on. Such was Rabin's geopolitical theory and the Labor platform. Until just before he became prime minister for a second time, in 1992, however, you never felt that he was in any hurry to convert theory into practice, let alone that one of the Arabs he was thinking of depending on was Yasir Arafat.

Yet, in 1993, he let a team of Peres's lieutenants, none of whom had a military background, cut a deal with the PLO in the woods near Oslo. And he allowed this when the Arabs were down and Israel up. Saddam, after all, had been mauled. The USSR, which had oppressed the Jews and encouraged the Arabs not to make peace, was dead. Arafat's oldest comrades, Abu Iyad and Abu Jihad, had been taken out, perhaps by the Mossad, and he was getting no money from the Saudis after having backed Saddam. The intifada was killing more Palestinians than Jews. Pressure from Washington to

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sit down with the PLO had ceased with the replacement of George Bush and the icy James Baker by Clinton and his secretary of state. At the same time, the biggest immigration ever from the Diaspora, a side effect of the passing-away of the USSR, had triggered an Israeli boom.

Precisely then, Rabin decided to snatch Arafat, the embodiment of Palestinian nationalism, from the dustbin of history. The dovish left in the U.S. and Israel still believes that, having failed as defense minister to quell the intifada, the old soldier saw the light, i.e., that it is morally wrong for one people to rule another, and drew the necessary, logical, urgent conclusions. Granted, Rabin in public began using some moralistic rhetoric, not only in English but sometimes in Hebrew. Undeniably, he joined the crowd in Tel Aviv on the fatal night to sing off-key "The Song of Peace," a kind of pacifist hymn. But, although the intifada surely gave him food for thought, it was probably not the kind the doves imagine.

Rabin remained a Jew for whom moral considerations, while never absent, were not supreme. *Bechyanim*—"cry babies"—was his off-the-record epithet for the young Israeli soldiers in presumably elite units shown on TV weeping at the funeral of comrades slain by Hizbollah in Lebanon. Rabin never swallowed Peres's vision of a peaceful, integrated Middle East but remained a general for whom the effectiveness and morale of the IDF, a citizen-army, still mattered foremost.

And here was a problem. There were any number of signs that neither the army nor the home front was at the level it used to be. Yitzhak Rabin's generation did not have F-15s or a nuclear arsenal. But they did not carry on at their buddies' graves. Nor did their parents sue the army for training accidents. That intangible something, that all-important edge of cheerful sangfroid on the battlefield and off had by 1992 been worn down by the Yom Kippur War, the Lebanon War, the "Night of the Gliders" during which Palestinians landed in an IDF base like so many Rambos, bloody snafus in the ongoing war against Hizbollah and the intifada where paratroops battled women and kids on CNN.

Generations come and go. A people becomes less enthusiastic about fighting and less good at it. The IDF is an army of draftees and reservists, sons and fathers, and, if once it was considered shameful to not be drafted, today a "Profile 21"—a psychiatric exemption—doesn't mean you won't find a girlfriend or employment or be admitted to university. You can let your hair grow and do hashish and get on with your life unhassled by sergeants, especially if you're a bare-headed Ashkenazi kid like Rabin was once. In coming to his decision he must have factored in this change, as well as the fact that more and more twenty-, thirty- and fortysomething reservists were effectively dodging thirty-five-day call-ups, especially for Gaza. It wasn't so much the danger of patrolling the refugee camps as the nausea—the galumphing after children through pools of sewage. Nor were these only left-wing bleeding hearts who regretfully couldn't make it. What had to concern Rabin-the-eternal-soldier was that even Likud types were coming down with back problems.

Already in the '92 campaign, when the Handshake was little more than a glimmer in the eyes of Peres's more dovish aides, Rabin was talking about evacuating most of the Gaza Strip. "For all I care," he said on the record, "it can drop in the sea." The Labor slogan of "Gaza First" was popular. How the IDF would get out, to whom the place would be handed, what the geopolitical repercussions might be—all this could not have been left more vague. Yet there was no fulfilling that campaign pledge without shaking Arafat's hand. To simply evacuate Gaza would have invited a war over it between Hamas and Fatah, between the young so-called fundamentalists and Arafat's middle-aged people, and in such a fight the chances were that Hamas would triumph. Gaza would then become one big Islamicist terror encampment. Only if they made sure that the aging, battered, susceptible Arafat took over might the Israelis wash their hands of the city where the blinded Samson ended his career.

The idea of turning Arafat into a collaborator was revolutionary but did not come out of the blue. In deepest secrecy, before and during the intifada, simultaneous with the assassinations of Abu Iyad and Abu Jihad, and perhaps unknown to Yitzhak Shamir, there were face-to-face discussions between Arafat and Yossi Ginossar, former deputy chief of Shabak. These get-togethers were sanctioned by Rabin as defense minister. So that when, sometime around 1992, he and Peres buried the hatchet and thought about the future, there was a pre-existing channel to the man who symbolized Palestinian nationalism.

We can imagine how the veteran Shabak-niks, who themselves had grown middle-aged during a quarter-century of occupation duty, who had spent days and nights questioning a new generation of Palestinian nationalists, might have convinced Rabin that now was the time for lateral thinking. Bring in Arafat, let him suppress the intifada. We can imagine, too, how Rabin and Peres shelved their mutual loathing and came to believe that, New Middle East or Old Middle East, what each desired for his nation could not be gotten without coopting the PLO's chairman and making a large, risky gesture. "The only way," Peres has written, "to rid ourselves of the impossible burden of the Gaza Strip was to allow a centralized PLO leadership to settle there and cope with its problems directly."

It was an offer the chairman was in no position to refuse if the Israelis chose to make it. But such an offer couldn't involve Gaza alone. If Rabin wished to stop the IDF's decline, if he expected Arafat to come in and head a kind of Super Village League, he would have to give him Gaza first, but then most of the West Bank, too. The deal could not be an end in itself. It had to lead to something bigger.

For Arafat, this something was the dream of a Palestinian state with its capital in Jerusalem. For Rabin and Peres, it was a peace treaty with Jordan. Both men had kept in touch with the king and understood that, if he could do so without getting ahead of the Palestinians, he was ready to turn his relationship with Israel into a marriage. And so, after promises of good behavior from Arafat on paper and TV, it happened, a scene on the White House lawn which dismayed half the Jews of Israel, among them some who had voted for Labor. It seemed as if the world had turned upside down.

But rather than a complete departure, the Handshake was another link, we may say the final link, in the chain of Israeli-Jordanian, Hashemite-Zionist arrangements going back to the year after the Balfour Declaration. From the Israeli side, the primary geopolitical motive was to enable King Hussein to finally sign a peace treaty with the Jews, which he proceeded to do, squeezing those Arabs historically most affected by Zionism and most dangerous to both Israel and Jordan—namely, the Palestinians—more firmly between the jaws of a nutcracker.

General elections have been called by Peres for the end of May. If there are no more spectacular acts of terror by Hamas like those last week, he looks set to win, though not by much. It will be the first validation he will ever have won from his countrymen rather than from just his party. Another terrorist bombing closer to the elections could be his undoing. Therefore, Peres may keep Gaza and the West Bank sealed for the next ten weeks. Much of the credit for a Labor victory, if there is one, will belong to Yigal Amir. That young man, by shooting Yitzhak Rabin in the back, also shot the right in the head. A sufficient

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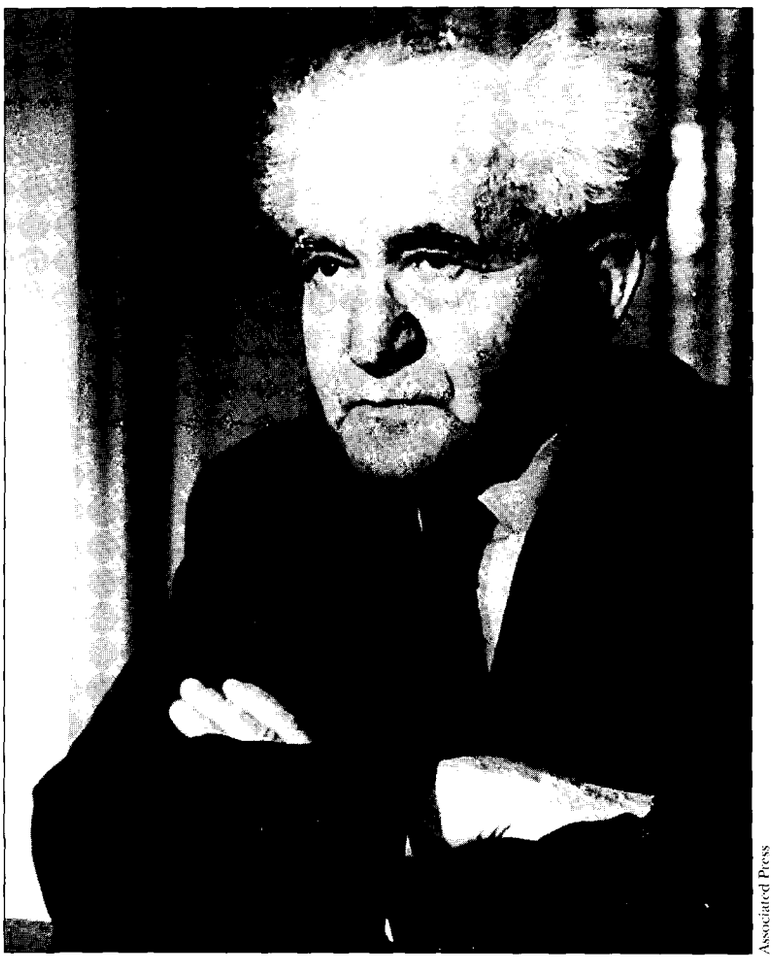
number of the one-half of the Israelis dismayed by the Handshake was even more dismayed by the murder. Unfairly, the whole right has been tainted. Moreover, until last week, the Rabin-Peres experiment or gamble or stratagem with Arafat, now the duly elected president of the Palestinian Authority, seemed to be going well. The IDF had left Gaza, Nablus, etc. Terrorism was off, and, with the exception of a few who had lost jobs in textiles to Southeast Asian competition, the Israelis had never had it so good. The economy is quite impervious to terrorist horrors. Whoever forms the next government, however, be it Peres or Benjamin Netanyahu, will have to move on to the so-called "final status" talks with Arafat. These are supposed to clear up by the year 1999 such minor problems as sovereignty, borders, water rights, settlements and Jerusalem.

The Palestinians will try to come out at the end with a state. Like Rabin used to, Peres says that he means to block this. Yossi Beilin, however, Peres's man who started the ball rolling in Oslo, is saying that Labor ought to get over its allergy to a Palestinian state. Though Peres continues to say he wants a Jordanian-Palestinian confederation, Netanyahu will encourage voters to suspect that, not for the first time in his life, the prime minister is not being candid.

Even if Peres is willing to accede to something the Palestinians could label a nation-state, he can be expected to try to deny it all but the frills of sovereignty. A number of these they already have—travel document, license plate, anthem, flag, postal service. But on the essentials—air space, borders, water, immigration, the making of treaties, weaponry—the Palestinians will find him nearly as ungenerous as Netanyahu. All countries theoretically are sovereign. But in practice some are more sovereign than others, and the Palestinians can expect the Israelis to try to keep their new entity, call it what you please, among the least sovereign on earth. A .50-caliber machine gun will probably be the heaviest weapon its paramilitary can deploy. There will be no mass return allowed from the Palestinians' own Diaspora to this statelet. It will have to let the Israeli navy search boats heading to Gaza, let Israeli planes overfly the West Bank, live with IDF early warning stations. There will be no defense treaties with anyone except the Jewish state itself. And so humiliatingly on and on.

The Palestinians understand this fairly well. The question, therefore, is whether those who are satisfied with so little independence and historical justice, with basically living on a cluster of reservations between Israel and Jordan, can stop those who are not from resuming the intifada when the Jews come to the end of what they are willing to give. Another question is whether the Palestinian nationalists, their Jewish friends in Israel and their allies in the U.S. will be able to sell the notion, both in Jerusalem and Washington, that, by denying the Palestinians a state worthy of the name, Peres or Netanyahu is breaking faith. Most of the family of nations seems already to be convinced of it—a recent U.N. General Assembly vote on the Palestinian right to self-determination, that Wilsonian euphemism for statehood, garnered nays from only three members, the U.S., Israel and Micronesia, and three abstentions, Russia, Costa Rica and the Marshall Islands.



Associated Press

DAVID BEN-GURION, 1962

Should the Palestinians nevertheless see that Israel will not give them sovereignty or a chunk of Jerusalem, and that the Americans have had enough of the intifada, they may settle for a Palestinian-Jordanian confederation. Jordan is up and running. Compared with other Arab states, compared with the infant Palestinian Authority, it is also known to be more efficient and a good deal less brutal and corrupt. Since two-thirds of the East Bankers hail from Palestine anyway, it would make little sense to try to draw an international border at the river.

Besides, the Palestinians in the West Bank and the disaster area known as Gaza are going to have to have an economic leg to stand on. They cannot have it without the Hashemite kingdom. Without Jordan they might have the frills of sovereignty but even in the best case will keep working for the Jews. In the worst case they will subsist in their cantons on international handouts. Even some of those most passionate for genuine statehood, younger Palestinians who have known nothing but the occupation, realize this, explaining to you that, one day after their state is born, it will confederate with Jordan. The practicalities of this are never spelled out.

You live in the Middle East and swing from hope to gloom and back again. Everything and maybe nothing has changed since Ezer Weizman's uncle met Hussein's great-uncle in the desert in 1918. What the Zionist believed was the "ultimate identity of Arab and Jewish interests" might finally be asserting itself. But the particular interests of that sub-group of Arabs dispossessed by the returning Jews, of that nation or pseudo-nation known as the Palestinians—can we believe these are identical as well? The age of prophesy being over, we shall have to be patient until history clarifies whose nuts, if anyone's, got put where in the forests of Norway. •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Corruptions

Watching some films is like being a greyhound in a dog race: the mechanical rabbit keeps scooting just ahead of us as we try frantically to catch up. This is expected and apt in an outright suspense film like *The Juror*, but it's an odd feeling in a supposedly serious film like **City Hall** (Castle Rock). No one would argue for torpor; still, when a picture tackles grave subjects, as does *City Hall*, we probably have a right to expect something more than suspense, especially when the suspense is patently arranged. All through this film there's a tension between an attempt to explore political truths and obeisance to the attention span of today's audience.

A large cultural question is beginning to loom, of the chicken-and-egg variety. Which came first, TV shows like "Law and Order" or theater films that follow the same metronome settings? The ingredients are much alike in both: veristic details slathered in, the way a clerk packs ice cream into a quart container; dialogue of above-average pungency; mixed plot strands around a central theme; a pace that keeps the rabbit's tail just in view; and a makeshift ending. Here let's change the dog-race figure. Those endings always make me think of shops that rent formal clothes for weddings, etc., and do last-minute stitchings to fit the clothes to the wearer.

But there are substantive differences between a theater film and its TV sibling: the former costs more, runs longer (usually), has more settings (usually) and has a really sparkly star. Al Pacino doesn't play the mayor of New York in a TNT special—not yet, anyway. Of course, the price for getting Pacino, other than money, is that you have to take all of him: his predilection for wearing clothes that don't quite fit, his emphasis on his loping short-legged body, his insistence on a range of emotional opportunities that may not fit the character. (All that's missing from Pacino here is Al the lover; for the mayor, he took monastic vows.) This is a quite different approach to acting from, say, Anthony Hopkins approaching Nixon or Henry Wilcox in *Howards End*. But Pacino slams in a good deal, with fireworks and glower and heart-on-sleeve, to justify his demands.

To construct his vehicle, the producers engaged four writers—two teams, I guess: Ken Lipper (a former deputy mayor of New York) and Paul Schrader (*Taxi Driver*), plus Nicholas Pileggi (*GoodFellas*) and Bo Goldman (*Scent of a Woman*). These four men, well-acquainted with the urban milieu, labored and labored and brought forth that mechanical rabbit—as well as the last-minute tailoring. All through its 110 minutes, *City Hall* keeps shouting, "Chase me! I'm authentic!", then it blushes a bit as it tidies things up and disappears.

For 105 minutes, the film grips us greyhounds. Two main stories are counterpointed: the mayoring of John Pappas as he tries to do his best by his city, and the uproar over the killing of a child in a shoot-out between a detective and a drug dealer. The two stories interweave closely, the Mafia plays an increasingly big part, and everything leads to an ending that we do or don't believe. I didn't. Including the way a much-sought probation report turns up conveniently.

Harold Becker, who directed *Sea of Love* with Pacino, works here with near-Lumetian feeling for New York. In and around City Hall, in deeper Brooklyn and elsewhere, Becker fixes the pulverizing New York urgency that is like a drug to those who are involved: they don't know from one moment to the next whether they love it or hate it. He has done well with his actors, getting (at last) a bearable performance from Tony Franciosa as a Mafia don, one more super-solid performance from Danny Aiello as a district leader, and—surprise—some vitality from John Cusack as the deputy mayor. But even Becker is defeated by Bridget Fonda, with her tight little mean face, as a lawyer for the Detectives' Endowment Association.

The one blast of intrusion in the generally credible tone of Pacino's performance is his biggest moment, which was presumably out of Becker's hands. The mayor speaks at the funeral of the little boy, who was black; Pacino riffs out like a caricature of a black preacher. It's the kind of acting aria that, as film legends have it, makes the grips and gaffers burst into applause at the end of the take. (No such legends yet about TV.)

Philipe Rousselot is a master of cinematography. This fact, manifest in *Diva*,

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Angels and Insects. *High Victorian high jinks. A.S. Byatt's novella of moral anarchy in a seemingly decorous grand family, subtly transposed to the screen by Philip and Belinda Haas. (Reviewed 2/19/96)* **Anne Frank Remembered.** *A documentary by Jon Blair that makes the familiar story even more vivid and adds fascinating detail of story and personalities. (3/4/96)* **Heidi Fleiss: Hollywood Madam.** *Made for the BBC, Nick Broomfield's documentary is unembarrassedly candid but is not mere exploitation. Movieland seen horizontally. (3/11/96)* **Lamerica.** *Gianni Amelio's stern yet compassionate look at recent history, beautifully dramatized through the story of an Italian swindler in Albania and the strange old man he encounters. (1/29/96)*—**SK**

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A River Runs Through It, *Queen Margot* and others, is further confirmed through his splendid work in **Mary Reilly** (TriStar). Like other masters, Rousselot aims not at capital-B Beauty but at lighting and framing that support the temper of the tale, that extend it. *Mary Reilly* is a version of the Jekyll and Hyde story, and Rousselot places it in misty lamplit late-Victorian London. He picks out figures—in an old-fashioned huge kitchen, for instance—as if they were survivors living under an occluded sun. The story is of course macabre, and Rousselot creates the atmosphere without any horror-flick shadows. These people live and breathe in air that he renders ominous.

His work is the most interesting aspect of the film. Christopher Hampton (*hic et ubique*, as Hamlet quips) adapted the screenplay from a novel by Valerie Martin, and I hope that most of the dialogue comes from the original because it's far below Hampton's customary level. (Sample: as Jekyll dies, he says, "I wanted to be the knife as well as the wound.") Worse, the story lacks purpose.

The point of view is that of a maid in Dr. Jekyll's large London house, Mary Reilly. In the course of the doctor's changes of persona, familiar to us all, she attracts Jekyll and is attracted to the evil Hyde. This is supposed to have some connection with her childhood, seen in flashbacks, in which she is beaten and otherwise molested by her drunken father. But connection or not, the story moves nowhere. All we get, really, is a below-stairs view of the famous story.

Stephen Frears, the English director who has done such memorable films as *My Beautiful Laundrette* and *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid*, is apparently settling for a Hollywood career. This hasn't been entirely disastrous: *Dangerous Liaisons*, though marred by John Malkovich, was fluently made, and *The Grifters* had Anjelica Huston being terrific. But *Hero* wobbled, and this film, again marred by Malkovich, is flatly directed.

Julia Roberts, who plays Mary, is certainly not dreadful, but she doesn't have much to do except to look either scared or wretched. Malkovich has the double role and is only half passable. The whole social hierarchy of a Victorian household is established, right up to the very proper butler; then in comes the keystone, Malkovich, as an English gentleman—or, as he says, "gemmun." His performance of Jekyll is only a "gemmun." He's much more comfortable as Hyde—loonies are much more in his line—but he can't dispel the tedium of the picture around him. •

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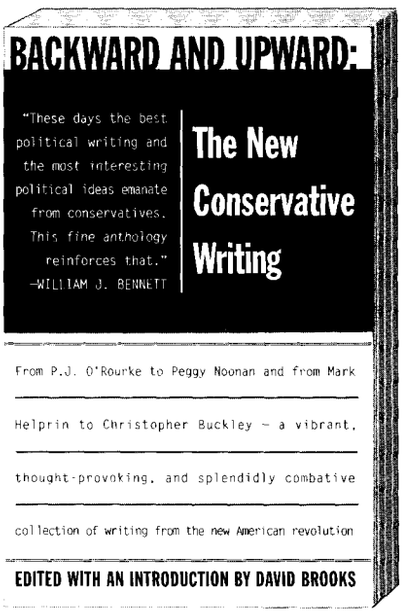
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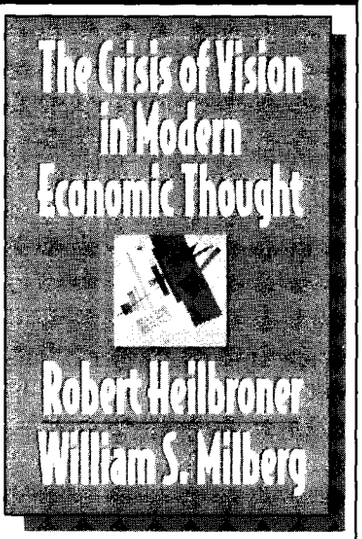

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Jed Perl on Art

Where the Wild Things Are

Book illustrators are enthusiasts and exegetes. We probably all make mental pictures out of what we read, but only illustrators go public with their visual responses, laying out scenes that the rest of us can't quite see or, if the book is an old one, filling in the styles and the manners of an earlier period. When an illustrator's responses don't jibe with our own, we may wish that the pictures didn't exist. But if the pictures are a step ahead of us, we feel exhilarated—especially when they bring an original sensibility to dated or esoteric material, or offer a fresh perspective on an overly familiar text.

In recent decades, only one significant artist has had a huge popular success in this crossover genre that's about inventing images that mirror words. Maurice Sendak has observed of the early twentieth-century illustrator Claud Lovat Fraser that "he was free of aesthetic snobbery." That can be said of Sendak, too. He's spent much of the past thirty years working on children's books, and he's brought the same intensity to his interpretations of nursery rhymes as to stories by Isaac Bashevis Singer, Randall Jarrell and the Brothers Grimm. When Sendak illustrates a book he builds a fantasy, and his fantasies are as rapturously complete as the ones that kids spin for their own satisfaction.

Time and again, Sendak has seized opportunities, bringing a wide swath of readers along with him as he's packed his pictures with all sorts of out-of-the-way allusions—to Biedermeier graphic art, to early English romanticism. He's a restless, passionate artist who goes where his instincts lead him, and his latest offering, an illustrated edition of Herman Melville's little-read 1852 novel *Pierre, or the Ambiguities* (HarperCollins, 449 pp., $30) is just the next leap in a career full of leaps. It's essential Sendak: a meditation on Melville's tornado of a book, a new interpretation of nineteenth-century graphic styles, and the latest and most catastrophic of Sendak's accounts of growing up.

Melville wrote *Pierre*, a portrait of the emotional coming-apart of a romantically aristocratic young American, in the winter of 1851, just as *Moby-Dick* was being published. As the book opens, Pierre Glendinning is in manic good spirits. He's pampered by a rich, domineering mother, who's perfectly happy that he's going to marry the quietly beautiful Lucy. Mrs. Glendinning pulls the strings, and if she has her way they'll all live happily ever after amid the luxuriant New York state scenery. It's been Glendinning country for generations, and Pierre's children will carry on the name of his long-dead father, who so far as Pierre knows is nothing but a handsome face in a gold frame.

The early chapters of Melville's novel are so zanily exuberant that they can get on a reader's nerves; it's no wonder that the book was a failure when it first appeared. The story only comes into focus when young, dark-haired Isabel appears in the village and rips the idyll wide open by announcing to Pierre that she's his half-sister. Pierre, who's been living in a bubble, can't accept the thought that Isabel and her mother were abandoned by his father, and he decides that nothing any longer matters except taking care of Isabel. In trying to make amends for his father's behavior, which was probably both pragmatic and heartless, Pierre behaves in ways that would strike most of his friends and family as worse than anything his father ever did in secret. With scarcely a word of explanation, Pierre breaks his engagement with Lucy, for he has decided that he'll protect the secret of Isabel's illegitimacy by announcing to the world that he and Isabel are man and wife. Mrs. Glendinning responds by disinheriting Pierre. By then the story has shifted to New York City, where Isabel and Pierre, impoverished and alone, are eventually joined by Lucy. Somehow, she's comprehended the nobility of Pierre's motives, but she's the only one. There's no hope for these young idealists, and Melville brings down the curtain on *Pierre* with the grand-opera gesture of a triple suicide.

Pierre has had its advocates since the Melville revival of the 1920s, but the book's hyperbolic treatment of family relationships and its raging, over-the-top moodiness have never made much headway with the reading public. Sendak, who reportedly owns one of the finest collections of Melville first editions in private hands, has been a *Pierre* enthusiast for years, and if he'd done nothing but put his name on the title page he'd have given the book a lift. He's done a lot more. The stylized histrionics of Sendak's illustrations underline the fascination of this psychological fable of deluded innocence and suicidal experience. Sendak embraces the book's dark, loopy mood and makes it his own.

Book illustration happens to be a subject in *Pierre*. Early in the novel the young hero, looking forward to an evening with Lucy, imagines them studying John Flaxman's illustrations to Homer, with their "clear-cut outlines . . . full of unadorned barbaric nobleness." In the early nineteenth century, Flaxman's austere linear illustrations to Homer and Dante sat on many drawing-room tables—they were family entertainment—and Flaxman is certainly one of the inspirations behind some of Sendak's work for *Pierre*. That a mid-nineteenth-century novelist would describe looking at illustrations as an evening's amusement isn't especially significant, but the intensity of Pierre's reactions to Flaxman may take readers by surprise. For although Pierre thinks fondly of the Homer illustrations, he worries about looking at Flaxman's Dante, in which yowling monsters emerge out of the cool twists and turns of a neoclassical line. Pierre has already encountered Isabel, and something in Flaxman's treatment of Dante's beautiful, damned Francesca reminds Pierre of Isabel's mysterious, sad face. Pierre is afraid that looking at Flaxman's Francesca will arouse all his anxieties about that haunting face, will "evoke it wholly,—make it present in lines of misery—bewitching power. No! I will not open Flaxman's Dante!"

Melville assumes that a picture in a book can provoke a person, and that may be difficult to believe today. But if there is anybody who can make us believe it, it's Sendak, whose biggest sellers—including *Where the Wild Things Are* and *In the Night Kitchen*—have demonstrated the invincible power of the picture book, even deep in the Age of TV. There are people who think that Sendak has never really surpassed the unvarnished truthfulness of early books such as *A Hole is to Dig* and *The Sign on Rosie's Door*. There's an unforgettable immediacy to those recollected scenes from his youth—the Brooklyn kitchens with the dishes stacked in the glass-fronted cabinet, the row-houses with the mothers leaning out of the windows, calling to the kids. But Sendak is every bit as much himself when he's presenting historical styles as fantasy objects, when he's dreaming his way into a moonlit

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Bavarian forest (in *The Juniper Tree and Other Tales from Grimm*) or a garden house where Mozart sits at the keyboard (in *Outside Over There*). There's certainly nothing dry or scholarly about Sendak's work on *Pierre*.

I had never read *Pierre*, and it's been a terrific experience, getting into the book and Sendak's illustrations. The small color pictures are done in a rough, sketch-like style, with strong dark outlines and loosely watercolored areas; they achieve a compact monumentality. There are occasional dead spots in the drawings. Sendak has trouble with feet and sometimes with the way a neck connects to a head, but these aren't especially disturbing. The informal, almost doodled quality of the line turns Pierre's bulging muscles into interesting calligraphic curls, so that Sendak sometimes almost seems to be scribbling on the margins of the nineteenth-century tale. A reader knows that Sendak isn't presenting definitive interpretations so much as ruminating on a book he loves—and wants us to love.

It's the first fifty or seventy-five pages that are really hard on a reader, because Melville presents Pierre's relationship with his widowed mother, Mrs. Glendinning—they refer to each other as brother and sister—with such flowery extravagance that you can't see how you're meant to take it. Pierre, Melville explains, "does in truth illustrate that fine saying of his father's, that as the noblest colts, in three points—abundant hair, swelling chest, and sweet docility—should resemble a fine woman, so should a noble youth." That's the kind of line that makes readers give up on a book which can initially sound more like Ronald Firbank than Herman Melville. Love, Melville writes, is "a volume bound in rose-leaves, clasped with violets, and by the beaks of humming-birds printed with peach-juice on the leaves of lilies."

Sendak, who brought full-frontal nudity to children's books, underlines his gonzo-psychological interpretation of the novel by depicting Pierre not in the street clothes of his time but in a neck-to-toe blue bodysuit that leaves no anatomical detail to the imagination. This outfit, complete with a red cape that Pierre wears around his shoulders, may at first remind some people of the pajamas that Max wears in *Where the Wild Things Are*. It also recalls a Superman outfit. I doubt that Sendak would mind those associations, but surely he's thinking of other cape-twirling heroes, of the sleek classical demigods in the Flaxman illustrations and the

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nineteenth-century Shakespearean actors, with their elegant, body-hugging costumes (*Hamlet* figures in *Pierre*). Pierre's hard-to-place yet absolutely revealing outfit may be the biggest risk that Sendak takes in these illustrations; it's his way of announcing that he's not hiding behind historical correctness. The costume frees Sendak to turn out a cycle of illustrations that's formally consistent but stylistically eclectic. That's a good response to Melville's text, which is the oddest possible amalgam of pastoral, gothic, romantic, realist and tragic conventions.

In the early parts of the novel, when Melville is giving a stylized, almost lunatic-comic view of early nineteenth-century aristocratic gentility, Sendak responds by imagining this absurdly virile mama's boy hero as a hyperbolic figure, the sort of impossibly poetic creature that was drawn by Blake and Fuseli. One of the key influences on Sendak's Pierre, with his cape floating behind him, is an ink sketch of a man and a woman in the clinch by a contemporary of Blake's, the late-eighteenth-century Swedish sculptor Johan Tobias Sergel, which is quoted line for line in the plate "A hug all round again!" Sendak may have seen the Sergel in Hugh Honour's *Neo-classicism*, where it's meant to suggest a dark, libidinous underside of the classical ideal, and that fits in with one of the themes in *Pierre*, which is the disasters that befall those who take an unconventional view of conventional idealism. Pierre, who's been a head-in-the-clouds dreamer, can hardly accept the demystified portrait of his father that Isabel offers during a late-night meeting, with the sky illuminated by the lightning of a heat storm. And with all the speed of an oncoming summer deluge, Pierre's life—and the book—turns dark, fierce, fiery.

At this point a reader begins to understand that Melville intends those early pages to sound exactly as whacked-out as they do. And from then on over-the-top keeps being topped; it's just the way things are. *Pierre* is about obsessions and distorted perceptions, about trying to honor one's sense of connectedness to other people and oneself—and failing miserably. It's the very desire to set things right that turns everything upside down and brings on the disasters. Beyond the romantic foolishness of confused identities, whereby Pierre calls his mother his sister and his sister his wife, you have a young man's wild urge to figure out what those relationships are all about. Melville digs deep into the experience of desperation. The book is an amazing, sustained description of a psychological crash-landing. The last third, set in New York, is an allegory of hopeless, desperate independence. Melville gives a beautiful, precise portrait of an unforgiving city, a picture of rapacity and indifference to set next to "Bartleby, the Scrivener" and the early pages of *Moby-Dick*.

Sendak responds to Melville's shifting moods by shifting his visual frame of reference from early nineteenth-century classicism to late-nineteenth-century expressionism. He borrows a number of iconic images from Edvard Munch: an almost skeletal Isabel seated on a bed, and the blank-eyed stares of the anonymous city crowd. These adaptations, which may seem arbitrary if you haven't actually read the whole book, turn out to be daringly perfect, because Melville and Munch are getting at the same kind of anomie. Sendak's cross-references are so unabashed, so heartfelt, and so apt, that eventually I began to wonder if Munch's tortured art-nouveau line wasn't in some strange way descended from Flaxman's almost surreally elegant neoclassical line.

"YOUTH IS HOT, AND TEMPTATION STRONG"
ILLUSTRATION BY MAURICE SENDAK FOR *PIERRE*

Pierre is a novel of bold, decisive strokes, and each stroke is elaborately ornamented. Melville goes in for Elizabethan theatricality. Nobody says "No!" when they can say "Nay, nay, nay!" "Oh! Oh!"—Isabel exclaims—"Pierre, Pierre; it is my fault—mine, mine!" There are endless interior monologues, with multiplying metaphoric constructions suggesting feverish mental states. "Hitherto I have hoarded up mementos and monuments of the past," Pierre thinks; "been a worshipper of all heir-looms; a fond filer away of letters, locks of hair, bits of ribbon, flowers, and the thousand-and-one minutenesses which love and memory think they sanctify:—but it is forever over now!"

Initially, there's something off-putting about the feverishness of the writing. This is a great frustration to the people who believe in *Pierre*, and they quite naturally look for ways to convert skeptical readers. Hershel Parker, a Melville scholar, has made a number of radical cuts in the present edition, and he hopes that they will help readers recapture what Parker believes was Melville's original vision of wonderful, headlong speed. Experts have long thought that a number of full chapters in the later parts of *Pierre*, in which Melville suddenly backtracks and announces that ever since boyhood Pierre has been a published author, are late additions to the manuscript. Parker's opinion is that these interpolations, which include Melville's complaints about a writer's treatment at the hands of publishers, were written in response to what the author felt was his rough handling by his publishers. Certainly the people at Harper's were worried by their famous author's sinking sales on *Moby-Dick*; they wanted to cut their losses, or his advances. Parker in turn believes that by cutting all of three chapters and other passages here and there, he's presenting something closer to what Melville originally wrote and delivered to his publisher in January, 1852.

Pierre is by anybody's reckoning a strange, unpredictable book, and there's something unnerving about even the most judicious editorial effort to correct what may indeed be the missteps of a genius. Certainly, excising all mention of Pierre's career as a writer leads to some awfully bumpy passages toward the end of the novel. And even if you admit that some of the material is irrelevant to the overall trajectory of the book, you're still losing a lot of beautiful writing, not to mention a fascinating account of the trials of the writer's life. Whose business is it to decide how many baroquely confused themes-within-themes Melville ought to have permitted himself, anyway?

It can be argued that Parker creates as many problems as he solves. It doesn't really make much sense that Pierre, now disinherited, evinces so little concern about earning a living, especially considering that Lucy talks about selling crayon portraits and Isabel proposes to give guitar lessons. Pierre's literary career fits into the urban bohemian atmosphere of the later part of the book, which seems to overlap with the milieu that we know from Hawthorne's *The Blithedale Romance*. Yet there is some truth to Parker's argument that his excisions reinforce the book's careening, nightmare speed.

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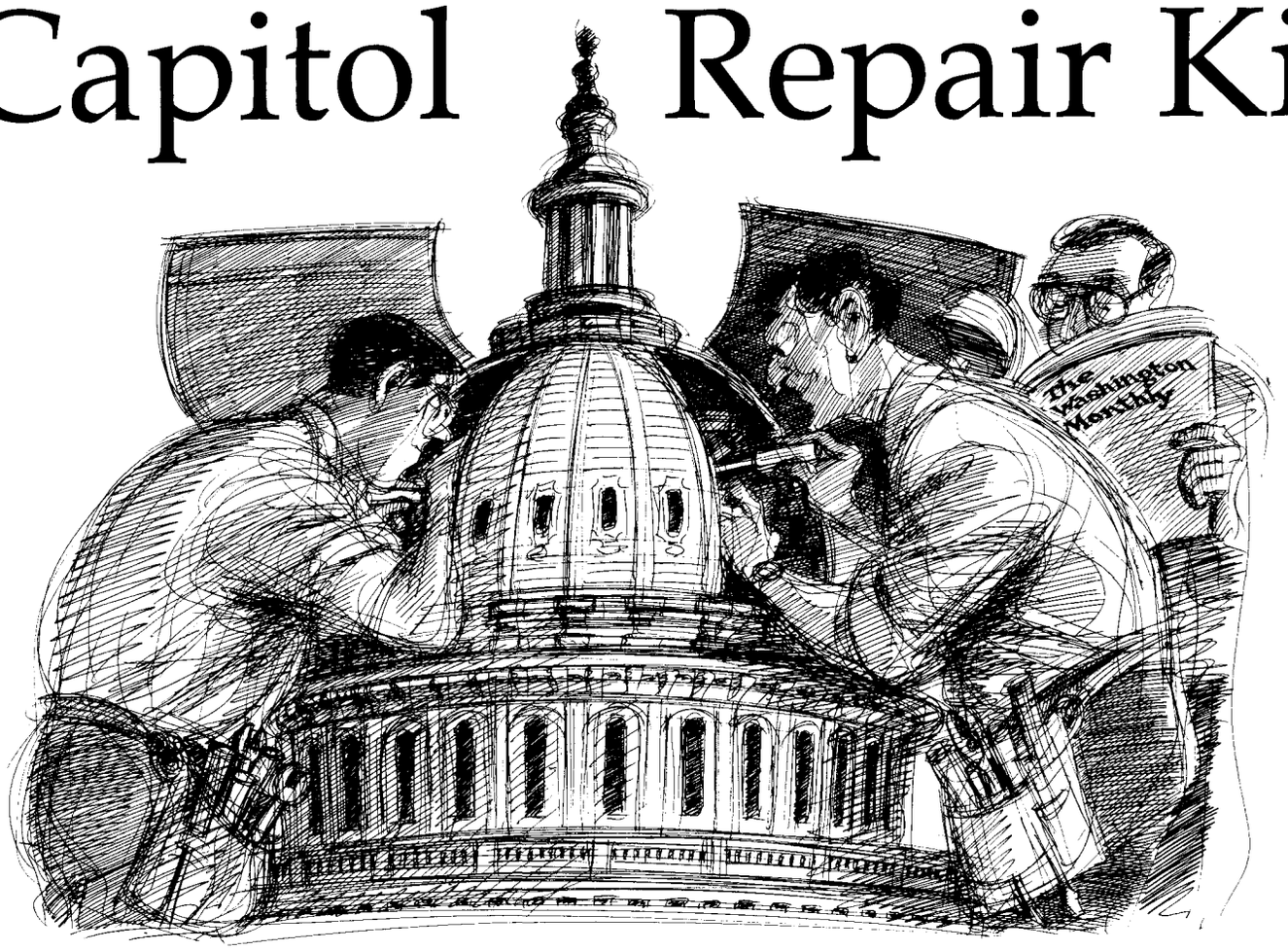

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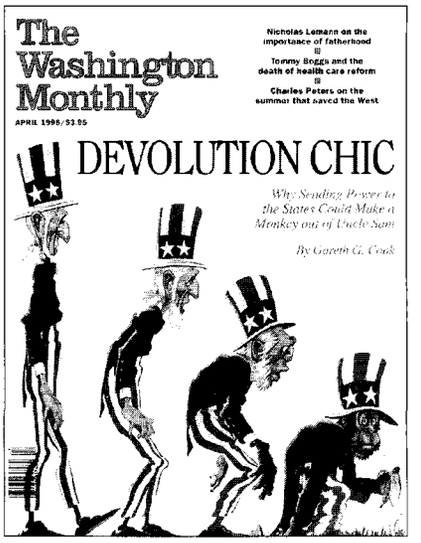
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(And the excised passages are available in several other in-print editions.)

I doubt, however, that this streamlined *Pierre* is going to attract new readers, since by the time that you're far enough along in the book to see what Parker has cut, you're most likely a convert already. I found the book addictive, and by the time I got to Parker's excisions, I just wanted more—more! more! I had become bewitched by the elaborate language, by what D.H. Lawrence, in *Studies in Classic American Literature*, calls "the old American art-speech [which] contains an alien quality." Lawrence loved that alien, hyperbolic quality, and he believed that people tended to shy away from it by thinking "of the old-fashioned American classics as children's books"—which is, Lawrence hastened to add, "Just childish, on our part."

Sendak is certainly aware that his involvement with this project is going to lull people, at least initially, into somehow thinking of *Pierre* as a kid's book. Some will note that one of the volumes in Sendak's 1962 *Nutshell Library* is about a wryly independent boy named Pierre. And Sendak may relish that connection even if it's just a coincidence, because then it's all the more dramatic when he shows us that so far as Melville's *Pierre* is concerned our initial dismissive reactions are "just childish, on our part." Sendak pulls us up sharp, by transforming motifs that we associate with his earlier work into expressions of an absolutely grown-up sensibility. For Sendak, Pierre is more and less than a character; he's a musclebound psyche that exults, rages, broods. Sendak isn't interested in narrative flow so much as in the knotted-up, emblematic core of Melville's book, and there's an exacting, complex intelligence to the way that he chooses to emphasize particular elements in the story.

While *Pierre* contains many beautiful impressions of the Northeastern landscape, Sendak, who has in the past shown a special feeling for streams, meadows and woods, rejects the breathing space of a vista. Sendak doesn't illustrate particular scenes so much as create a series of variations on *Pierre*'s darkening atmosphere. When Lucy sends her fiancé up to her bedroom to fetch a portfolio, the illustration isn't of Pierre going in and looking around the room as he does in the book, but of Pierre deep in thought, a virile but virginal youth enveloped in the soft undulations of Lucy's bed. In general, Sendak avoids sensational, melodramatic events. He doesn't illustrate the murderous final pages of the book, when Pierre goes out into the streets of New York to shoot Lucy's brother and her suitor, who are trying to break up the bohemian ménage à trois. And his final picture isn't the obvious choice of Pierre, Isabel and Lucy's triple suicide in the city jail. Instead, there's a portrait of Pierre as a pathetic giant imprisoned in a cave, a man tried beyond reason, like Count Ugolino in Flaxman's illustration for the *Inferno*.

Melville wrote a tragedy without catharsis; no wonder it never found many readers. A crazily good-hearted American boy has broken all society's rules and ended up as a nobody in the anonymous city. He may be a better man, but what does better mean when he's spread disaster in his wake and there's nothing left except misery and death? For Sendak, whose great subject has always been the adventuresome, rule-breaking exuberance of childhood, *Pierre* is something new: a no-win situation. Our memories of all Sendak's slyly exultant heroes and heroines are buried deep inside Pierre's wild-eyed, incredulous look in the book's last, awful illustration. While it would be a mistake to imagine that this master of devilish fun is at last revealing his mature—or true—self, Sendak surely believes that by now we know him well enough that there's no need for ingratiating formalities. He's responding as wholeheartedly to tragedy as he does to jokes and craziness and fun. The kid has grown up and lost, and Sendak is right there by his side. •

Looking Good

BY ALAN WOLFE

Integrity
by Stephen L. Carter

(Basic Books, 224 pp., $22)

To the litany of things which Americans in recent years have been told they lack—virtue, trust, character, meaning, compassion, honesty, altruism, community, honor—can now be added integrity. Indeed, Stephen Carter argues in his new book, integrity "is in some sense prior to everything else.... In an era when the American people are crying out for open discussion of morality—of right and wrong—the ideal of integrity seems a good place to begin."

Carter is the appropriate person to begin that discussion. He wrote with integrity long before he wrote about it. Whatever his subject—affirmative action, religion or the peculiar way we confirm judges—his voice has been free of ideological and academic certainty. I have never had reason to doubt that whatever Stephen Carter has said, he has said it because he meant it.

We act with integrity, Carter begins, when we discern through moral reflection what is right and wrong, behave consistently on the basis of that reflection (even when the costs are high) and are open about what we do. A person who passes this tripartite test will demonstrate the virtues of commitment, steadfastness and forthrightness. Those who fail the test can be said to be corrupt, cowardly or hypocritical. Integrity overlaps with, but is not identical to, honesty; one can be truthful in admitting to motives that are unreflective. Conversely, one who compromises is not necessarily acting without integrity: "all of us should be steadfast and uncompromising about *something*, but only the fanatic is steadfast and uncompromising about *everything*."

Applying his definition to real and hypothetical situations, Carter argues that integrity has all but disappeared from American life. Academics act without integrity when they inflate grades or write glowing letters of recommendation for students they barely know. At one level, such behavior conforms to the rules academics develop for following rules; they are expected to use "excellent" or "first-rate" in letters when they really mean "average." At another level, however, such practices are unfair to students, unhelpful to prospective employers and demeaning to those who engage in them. People with integrity, Carter writes, should behave like adults, which means being willing to disappoint others.

Journalists, according to Carter, also have a problem with integrity, which manifests itself when they exaggerate controversy, caricature people they do not like, editorialize in the guise of reporting or participate in the attack-culture of contemporary politics. So do

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sports figures who believe that cheating in the interest of victory is always the right thing to do. And whatever might be the principles by which our legal system operates, integrity is not one of them; when we automatically assume that witnesses are lying, we acknowledge how little faith we put in their solemnly taken oath to tell the truth, "so help me God."

Carter's most passionately held convictions about integrity are revealed in his discussions of politics and marriage. No political system can work unless politicians trust each other, which means that they have to keep their word. When politicians reverse course in midstream, they send to the public a signal that they lack what we ought to want them to possess: "the ability to think long and hard before making difficult moral decisions." The incumbent president provides examples aplenty, but Carter oddly adduces Ronald Reagan's support for the liberal Republican Richard Schweiker for vice president to illustrate his point.

Leaders, moreover, "must shun our national habit of engaging in misdirection and instead simply tell us what they mean." A good leader will have the courage of his convictions; he should be as willing to tell the public that they are wrong as a professor should be to tell a student that he does not think well enough of him to write a letter of recommendation. Carter's ideas about leadership are squarely Mugwump. Searching for principled leaders who stand for something more than a wink or a deal, he finds them not in the Congress or even in the presidency, but in the tradition of civil disobedience associated with Gandhi and Martin Luther King. (Again selective in his illustrations, Carter fails to condemn such acts of nonintegrity as Martin Luther King's plagiarism or Jesse Jackson's convenient change of mind about abortion.)

If keeping one's word is important to leadership, it is vital to marriage. Marriage, like a witness taking the stand, begins with a vow; the fact that so many marriages break up tells more about the way we treat our words than the way we treat each other. We fail to honor marriage as an institution because we fail to honor a promise as a practice. The only reason to make a promise is because we anticipate that circumstances may later arise in which we will not want to honor it; that is why it is morally insufficient, once those circumstances then occur, to claim that our once-given word is no longer binding. Carter does not believe that a promise made before God is a promise made to God; he would allow for divorce in situations of desperation. But he does offer a vision of "an integral marriage," in which fidelity, children and communication are valued, while anger, revenge and sexual desire (for others besides one's spouse) are repressed.

In a democracy, Carter concludes, people not only get the government they deserve, they also get the politics they deserve. A politics of integrity is within our grasp, he thinks, but only if we change the rules: by allowing everyone to play, by honoring the Kantian injunction to treat others as ends rather than means. Were we to develop more respect for integrity, moreover, we would be better prepared to deal with evil, which is copiously present in the contemporary world. For nothing less than the preservation of civilization itself, we must learn to act not on the basis of what we want, but on the basis of what is right. And that requires the cultivation of integrity.

For anyone who recalls the era of payola and quiz shows, let alone the Black Sox and City College scandals, lamentations about lost integrity are anything but new. Who can say whether more corners are cut in the making of a quick buck now than at any other moment in our history? Americans have as much of a knack for twisting rules as they have for wanting the sanctity of rules affirmed. This is a land of quacks and fixers, confidence men and shamans, desperados and demagogues. Having survived so long with a rather casual attitude toward integrity, we are likely to survive grade inflation and high divorce rates.

Integrity is usually treated as a morally simple category: it is good, its opposite is bad, hence we ought to have more of it. But the fact that human beings so often act without integrity suggests that they understand two things which Carter deemphasizes or neglects. One is that we should by no means always prefer integrity, even over hypocrisy or duplicity. The other is that, even when we know that integrity is the best course of action, we ought not to apply its strictures to all areas of life equally.

As a concept, integrity suffers from being too demanding and not demanding enough. An integral person is already a step down from a moral one. Under Kant's spell, we tend to think of the moral person as one who, willing to turn his back on the conventional and the situational, retreats to an inner citadel in which his God or his conscience tells him what is right and wrong. Integrity, by contrast, is a social virtue. It

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is only in the eyes of others that integrity can be said to exist. This is why Carter repeatedly comes back to the question of trust; society, he writes, requires reliability and the keeping of commitments, which cannot exist if people go back on their word. Integrity, then, is a virtue for the other-directed: not a quality of character, but a quality of personality. This hardly bothers me; I like my virtues weak. But Carter believes that a greater emphasis on integrity will act as a counter to evil. He is wrong. Integrity can improve commerce and reform politics. It cannot save the soul.

Even though integrity is a quality of the profane rather than the sacred, it is by no means clear that more of it will necessarily make the world around us better. Reflection, action and justification surely make for more considered behavior than instinct, passivity and dissembling; but nothing prevents someone from acting with integrity in the pursuit of evil. Racists often act out of ignorance, but some of them think (and write) about their views, carry out actions premised upon them and offer reasons to justify their actions. "The person of integrity need not be a Gandhi," Carter writes, "but also cannot be a person who blows up buildings to make a point." That may well be how Carter wants to understand the term, but it is not what his definition suggests; few of us have ever tried to justify our considered acts with the thoroughness of the Unabomber. Since the concept of integrity lacks moral content, an immoral person can act with great integrity if he acts right rather than well.

If integrity does have a politics, its politics are too conservative for my tastes. Southerners (as Carter notes) once talked about the "integrity" of the white race. I am by no means persuaded that we should respect the integrity of posh suburbs or national borders. Carter tries to write this aspect of integrity out of his definition, but it is not easy. "Integrity," after all, means wholeness, which suggests that we have to accept things as they are, for fear that any change will destroy the fragile interconnections that tradition, nature or history have assembled. That is why environmentalists, the most conservative people in America, never meet an ecosystem whose integrity they do not want to protect. Carter moves through *The Oxford English Dictionary*'s various uses of the term—unimpaired, complete, perfect, uncorrupted, innocent—unphased by the romantic rejectionism of the concept, the notion that the world we experience ought never be the world we want.

Integrity, in short, is a debatable quality, as are the virtues which Carter identifies as accompanying it. As important as steadfastness, forthrightness and consistency may be, they can all be cruel, even sadistic, in application. Were I to incur a fatal illness, I would want my physician to be forthright, but not necessarily when I am at my weakest moment. Friends who remind me of my resolutions are welcome, but so are those who accept me more realistically, weak-willed and all. The lawyer I hire should defend me, not his integrity. And there is a thin line between integrity and rigidity; Carter admires Antigone, but I find her self-righteous and egoistic.

If integrity is not always good, its opposites are not always bad. Corrupt political bosses served the interests of their working-class constituents far more effectively than straight-laced reformers brimming with integrity. Cowardice is morally preferable when the costs of one's heroism are borne by others. Hypocrisy can be dishonest, but it can also be an art form, a brilliantly contrived sociological strategy designed to take the pain out of the way we communicate messages to each other. Carter's integral heroes, already formed, have no need to grow; their quest is to discover what is already there. That is why people of integrity, so stiff and static, may be the stuff of epic poems, but they are thin gruel for modern fiction. We moderns like people whose flaws and fates follow not from inexorable laws but from their inability to make the rules they have learned fit the reality of the lives they lead.

Carter is too intelligent not to have anticipated all these objections. No sooner does he assert a principle of integrity than he warns that too literal an application of it could have unwanted results. He is soft, you might say, about the integrity of integrity: at one point he admits that "there may even be some cases in which the lack of integrity is actually a good thing." Surely such qualifications should at least temper his enthusiasm for integrity, but they do not—at least not enough. Just as Carter frequently warns the reader that he does not wish to preach, thereby acknowledging that he has preached, he has a way of registering pro forma objections to his thesis in order to assert it more boldly. The result is an argument which too often comes across as platitudinous, as in: "We care far more about winning than about playing by the rules."

Even if we were to conclude that integrity is a good thing, would we want it to be the standard of personal conduct in all our interactions? Carter believes we would, as the wide range of his examples indicates. Yet there are at least two arenas of life where a commitment to integrity is problematic. One is the public sphere. The other is the private sphere.

The clash between President Clinton and the House Republicans is a fine example of why we should be wary of integrity in public life. Who can doubt that, by Carter's criteria, it was the Republicans who acted with integrity? Like a good marriage partner, they made a solemn promise. They offered a public justification of why they did so. And they tried to keep their promise, even at the cost of future electoral defeat. Their integrity, in short, was the very quality that made them dangerous. The result was an unmitigated disaster, fortunately more for them than for America's credit rating or capacity to govern.

"The ability to promise and then to keep the promise is an aspect not simply of liberty but of humanity," Carter writes. Nothing better illustrates the quality of integrity than keeping one's word. Like most such maxims, however, this is simply not true—at least not all the time. Trust and mutual respect are indeed furthered when we do what we say. The trouble is that we do not always say the right thing. In moments of anger we promise our children horrible retribution, and it is a good thing we break those promises when we calm down. What matters is not whether a promise is carried out; what matters is the content of a promise, what we promise and how.

If obeying one's promise is not a universal moral maxim among friends and family, it is even less an appropriate guide to integrity in politics. Politicians should certainly stand for something, and clearly. They should also, unlike the House Republicans, take steps to ensure that they are not owned by interests willing to pay their campaign expenses. But they cannot assume that a promise once made is a promise to be kept, whatever else happens in the meantime. When a candidate for legislative office promises to act a certain way once elected, he renders himself deaf and dumb. A promise to his constituents is a vote of no confidence in his future legislative colleagues, since he will have nothing to learn from them. Such a promise undermines the purpose of political debate: Why engage in give-and-take if it cannot, by definition, have any impact?

Promises put blindfolds on those who make them, in order that they not see the world in new ways or be influenced by new information. A promise to one's

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constituents is in that sense a promise never to lead and never to learn. A candidate for office shows more integrity by saying that he cannot be certain what he will always do when in office than he does by vowing to keep his word. This kind of realism is not to be confused with a lack of principle. Not everybody who fails to honor a promise is a liar or an opportunist.

Elected in part on the basis of promises, a legislator still has the option of breaking them. If he believes that it would be wrong to do so, let him ponder the fact that great leaders are invariably those who broke the promises that brought them to leadership positions. Woodrow Wilson promised not to take the country to war. Franklin Delano Roosevelt promised a conservative economic policy. Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan promised a holy war against communism. Politicians who have left their stamp on history often have been those whose word never should have been trusted. No one will ever make a movie about Jimmy Carter.

America came precipitously close to a major political crisis when, in the name of being faithful to a promise, the majority leader of the House of Representatives flirted openly with the idea of having the government default on its financial obligations. What saved the country from such folly was that many politicians, including some Republicans, finally realized that keeping promises is more appropriate to authoritarian politics than democratic ones. Carter writes that we will never have a politics of integrity until we repudiate Machiavelli's dictum that it is more important for a leader to seem principled than to be principled. If he is right, then we are better off with a politics of indirection, hypocrisy and contradiction than a politics of integrity.

If integrity is not always to be valued in public life, it is also not the supreme value in private life. To be sure, friendship and intimacy are based on keeping one's word, on honesty about intentions, on fidelity. One of the reasons we value privacy, however, is that we wish to be free of the good intentions of others. The great sociologist Erving Goffman taught the importance of backstages, places where people engage in

> reciprocal first-naming, co-operative decision-making, profanity, open sexual remarks, elaborate griping, smoking, rough informal dress, "sloppy" sitting and standing posture, use of dialect or sub-standard speech, mumbling and shouting, playful aggression and "kidding," inconsiderateness for the other in minor but potentially symbolic acts, minor physical self-involvements such as humming, whistling, chewing, nibbling, belching, and flatulence.

People want privacy because there they can be themselves, unconstrained by demands for propriety, correctness, rationality and rule-following. Those who choose to live their private lives by the strictures of integrity have precious little private life to lead.

No act is more symbolic of the importance of privacy than marriage, but even Carter's examples demonstrate why the term "integral marriage" sounds like an oxymoron. Should parents who have come to dislike each other but who stay married for the sake of the children be honest with their children about why they are staying together? Well, says Carter, his third rule about integrity—be open about your motives—might have to be applied "with some care" in such a situation. But not just in that situation. I owe my children love, time, sympathy, concern, discipline and a sense of right and wrong, yet the realities of parenting are rarely such that one can teach about integrity by acting with integrity. Parental love is far too passionate, too one-sided, too unfair (to others outside the relationship) for complete consistency. In putting my children first, I violate daily the rules of integrity.

Carter is on stronger ground when he talks about parents' relationships to each other than when he talks about their relationship to their children. Integrity certainly is a part of marriage; Carter is right to insist on the power of the vow and the need for its constant reinterpretation. And living with another person, let alone raising children, requires constant negotiation and adjustment, qualities which are enhanced when promises are carried out and meanings made clear. Still, it is not integrity which holds marriages together. It is love. And when the passion cools, Goffman-like familiarity remains. Growing used to each other's belches and jokes, husband and wife trust more in ritual and familiarity than in overt words and gestures. Every marriage has to find its own rules of survival. Carter rightly worries about divorce; but one way to avoid divorce is to encourage people to relax their insistence on integrity and thereby to preserve the flexibility, the "being there," that helps marriages last.

Despite the poor fit between integrity and the requirements of public and private life, integrity is not a worthless virtue. For there are many areas of life which are neither fully public nor fully private. Work is one; and I agree with

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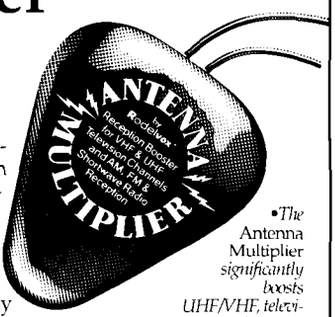

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Carter that the work in which he and I are engaged, university teaching, is shot through with acts of nonintegrity. And America could use more people of integrity to participate in civil life, to insist that life is more than self-interest, and to serve as (dreaded words) role models to the forgetful and the immature. Integrity is a personal quality which we should rightly encourage. Yet it is not a good in itself, which we should congratulate ourselves for having or berate ourselves for lacking.

Even Stephen Carter, when all is said and done, has a hard time making the case that integrity is as important as he wants it to be. Although he feels that America has balanced the interests of church and state too far in the direction of the latter, Carter is a modern intellectual, clearly unwilling to spend too much time waxing nostalgic for other times. He believes in the integrity of the marriage vow, but he also finds examples of integral divorce, dismisses the overt sexism of St. Paul and concludes that "religious conservatives who rail against feminism would do well to consider the centuries of male nonintegrity that gave feminism birth...." Carter, in short, wants integrity, but he also wants modernity, and it is by no means clear that we can have both. When he rightly chooses the latter, he relaxes his strictures about the former.

Americans can be gullible when it comes to jeremiads. Sensing an opportunity, politicians—William Bennett or Hillary Clinton—are quick to rush in, passionately pointing out our moral failings. Academics have an obligation to address such issues as well; but whereas the goal of the politician should be to exhort, the scholar and intellectual have to discriminate. There is a case to be made that we could use more integrity in American life, just as we could use more trust, meaning and community. But it is not simple to make a case for simple virtues. Carter's book is full of integrity, and it is an improvement over the way politicians treat these matters, but it fails to persuade me to join him in peering into the national soul. •

Salaam Bombay!

BY JAMES WOOD

The Moor's Last Sigh by Salman Rushdie

(Pantheon, 448 pp., $25)

In 1835, Macaulay threw out one of those phrasal boomerangs that returns not to arm but to maim its sender: "A single shelf of a good European library is worth the whole native literature of India." In this century, Macaulay has been paid back by Indian literature for that untruth: he has been pelted with masterpieces. The two most significant novelists working in England—V.S. Naipaul and Salman Rushdie—are Indian in origin. Both have made comic war on English condescension, and both have made peace with their now enriched victim. Rushdie in particular has seemed to want to tip a shelf of European books into his novels in reply to Macaulay, to want to make his books costive and prodigal and bursting, and with a decidedly un-English philosophical rasp. His new novel is calmer and more elegiac than anything he has yet written, but with its allusions to Kipling, Conrad and Shakespeare, it nevertheless overflows with ambiguous gratitude.

Although Rushdie once referred to India's literary revenge on its former colonizers as "the Empire striking back," the parties were only at familial war, since Rushdie's comedy is highly indebted to English comic ancestors such as Sterne and Dickens. Indeed, *The Moor's Last Sigh*, a rich saga of four generations of a doomed twentieth-century Portuguese-Spanish-Indian trading family, whose wealth has been based on the export of pepper, has a madcap English tilt, recalling the tottering empire raised on quack medicine in H.G. Wells's *Tono-Bungay*. As in Wells, there is a certain crudity: comic energy tends to be vulgar.

Moraes Zogoiby, the novel's narrator, praises and struggles against what he calls "the ridiculous and ludicrous perversity of my family." Rushdie's characters talk like Wodehouse characters playing with *Hobson-Jobson*: "In this God-fearing Christian house, British still is best, madder-moyselle.... If you have ambitions in our boy's direction, then please to mindofy your mouth. You want dark or white meat? Speak up. Glass of imported Dão wine, nice cold? You can have. Pudding-shudding? Why not. These are Christmas topics, frawline. You want stuffing?" This is not always delightful. Since Rushdie's narrator tells his story with a similar jauntiness, he sometimes leaves the impression of a novel without internal borders, a wheel of hilarity turning gritlessly fast.

The perversity of Moraes Zogoiby's family is more than incidental. Its statelessness and its manic irreligiousness represent for Rushdie a secular, postmodern virtue: the family madness is the carnival that overflows the liturgy. Moraes is of mixed Jewish, Arab and Christian descent, and is proudly dissolved: "I was a nobody from nowhere, like no-one, belonging to nothing." He rejoices in his family's secularism, and Rushdie cannot resist, it seems, inserting an autobiographical splinter: "somehow, by some great fluke that seemed at the time the most ordinary thing in the world, my parents had been cured of religion. (Where's their medicine, their priest-poison-beating anti-venene? Bottle it, for pity's sake, and send it round the world!)"

Moraes's family line is a fuse of lost causes, with Moraes its explosive issue. He tells us first about his great-grandfather Francisco da Gama, of Portuguese descent, who at the end of the nineteenth century established the Indian spice dynasty in Cochin. Francisco was soon lost to theosophy and modernism. With a precocious 20-year-old French architect (the young Le Corbusier, we discover) he builds two zany houses on his new plot of Indian ground, anointing them "East" and "West." From time to time, he informs his family at breakfast that today they are "going East" or "moving West"—"whereupon the whole household had no choice but to move lock, stock, and barrel into one or another of the Frenchman's follies."

Francisco's son, Camoens, weds his soul to English poetry and to the Russian Revolution. He manages a troupe of actors who specialize in looking like and impersonating Lenin. When a Lenin lookalike from Russia arrives to inspect the Indian pretenders, he is appalled by their amateurish approximations. Camoens turns his flailing ardor on Nehru and the independence movement, but he resists the country's growing Hindu zeal. He complains that the movement is trying to make Hinduism monotheistic by elevating the God Ram, whom he nicknames "Battering Ram." "With that God stuff I got scared," he tells his

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family. "In the city we are for secular India but the village is for Ram." His brother, Aires, is a pro-British conservative who retaliates by naming his British bulldog after Nehru.

At the heart of the book is a thriving portrait of a woman, Aurora da Gama, Moraes's capricious mother. Beautiful, negligent, she is a torment and a lure. At 15, she chooses Abraham Zogoiby as her consort, in defiance of family wisdom. Abraham is a lowly manager at the company's warehouse. He is a Jew with an oddly Arabic name (he finds out that he is the bastard offspring of a Jewish-Arabic dalliance). Abraham and Aurora never marry, but they live as if they are married. Aurora becomes a celebrated painter, while Abraham builds the da Gama empire into a feared conglomerate. Their fine house on Malabar Hill, overlooking the sea outside Bombay, hosts painters, radicals and dandies.

This exuberance finds its match in Rushdie's language. All of Rushdie's novels have been attempts to explode the literary past. Newness is Rushdie's subject and his procedure. *Midnight's Children* was about India's birth into partition, and it created a new style to grease this passage into life. Rushdie's is a mutant language, made up of Anglo-Indian compounds, plush puns (a man with cold balls is "freezing his assets") and a jumble of high and low registers. Rushdie has always shopped around for his effects and has found the bargain-basement as interesting as the top floor. His new novel makes reference to *The Wizard of Oz*, *Star Wars* and *Blade Runner*. Indian writing in English has tended to enjoy the grind of high against low, particularly the swoop from high culture to lowly brand name. Naipaul's early novels generate mock-heroic pathos this way: "When he [Mr. Biswas] got home, he mixed and drank some Maclean's Brand Stomach Powder, undressed, got into bed and read some Epictetus." Rushdie's sentences have a similar comic quiver: "It seems that in the late summer of that year, my grandfather, Dr. Aadam Aziz, contracted a highly dangerous form of optimism." Rushdie takes pleasure in transcribing spoken Indian English onto the page, with its characteristic speed and jumpiness: "Proper London itself, Big-ben Nelsoncolumn Lordstavern Bloody-tower Queen."

Rushdie will happily sacrifice a page for an excruciating pun. In his new novel, we encounter the Parsi financial house, Cashondeliveri, and its three eligible sons: Lowjee Lowerjee Cashondeliveri, Jamibhoy Lifebhoy Cashondeliveri and Jamsheed Cashondeliveri. This last, who marries one of Moraes's sisters, has his name shortened to "Jimmy Cash." Delightfully, one has the suspicion that Rushdie created the Cashondeliveri clan merely so as to get to the joke of "Jimmy Cash."

SALMAN RUSHDIE BY JACK COUGHLIN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

In this mode, Rushdie has tremendous world-making powers. His animism is quite strong enough to resist the welfare of magical realism. His sprinkle of tales covers a real land; his new book is a vast narrative noticeboard, ploughed with the handprints of its irregular messengers. In addition to Moraes's family, we encounter Vasco Miranda, the embittered hack postmodernist artist; Lambajan Chandiwalla, the one-legged doorman of the Zogoiby household, and Dilly Hormuz, Moraes's studious and bespectacled first love. All of these characters are Dickensian balloons, inflated with fantasy. Unlike the somewhat geometric heroes of *The Satanic Verses*, Rushdie's previous novel, who were angled into narrow postures (one was the devil, another was the angel Gabriel), these creations escape into life.

Where *The Satanic Verses* was angry, *The Moor's Last Sigh* is wise, seasoned, mild. Still, this new novel is not without its own petition, and Rushdie often breaks into Moraes's narrative to deliver it. The petition resembles that of *The Satanic Verses*: the importance of hybridization over tyrannical sameness; the persuasions of secularism over the enforcement of religion; the bustle of words over the frieze of the Word; history's flow over God's arrest. The difference between the two books is that the post-colonial plea was made with rage in the earlier book but is made benignly here.

Not unobtrusively, however. From the outset, it is clear that Rushdie's chosen family represents what he has called elsewhere "the India-idea"—a family drunk on gods, not sober on religion. Characters warn us that contemporary Hindu politics is making "a single martial deity" of its "many-headed beauty." Moraes celebrates his grandfather Camoens's "doublenesses ... his willingness to permit the coexistence within himself of conflicting impulses is the source of his full, gentle humaneness." Moraes likens this to "that historical generosity of spirit, which is one of the true wonders of India." It seems somewhat too convenient that Moraes combines within him the major religions (Jew, Muslim, Christian); and, near the end of the book, he plays at being a Hindu fundamentalist gangster. (There is an amusing lampoon of the real-life Bombay Hindu leader Bal Thackeray, whom Rushdie turns into Ramon Fielding, who uses his "fist-clenched saffron-headbanded

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young thugs to put on a show of Hindu-fundamentalist triumphalism.")

Moraes delights in his salad of inheritances: he was raised "neither as Catholic nor as Jew. I was both, and nothing: a jewholic-anonymous, a cathjew nut, a stewpot, a mongrel cur. I was—what's the word these days?—*Atomised.* Yessir: a real Bombay mix." The frailty of the prose here is telling. Few readers will be convinced by the faked lexical grope: "what's the word these days?" For the word "atomised" belongs to post-colonial theory rather than to post-colonial life; this is an academicism trying to lose itself in the demotic. Elsewhere Rushdie reminds us of art's subversions: "The sheer strangeness of the activity of art," says Moraes of his mother, "made her a questionable figure; as it does everywhere; as it always has and perhaps always will."

This lecturing is much gentler than that of *The Satanic Verses*, which forced all its characters to sit and take notes. Indeed, the earlier novel's narrative explosiveness—men falling out of planes and turning into cloven-hoofed devils or into haloed angels having blasphemous visions in contemporary London—was a programmatic hysteria whose design was to daunt us with its anarchy. The novel strove to dissolve religion's boundaries in the wash of the modern; and to show that Islam, like all other major religions, has had to make uncomfortable accounting for the existence of evil in the world. Rushdie's acute point is that religion, forced to dramatize the origin of this evil, becomes its producer, and is thus entwined with the foe it exists to fight. Alas, almost every page taught this, and taught the need to get beyond narrow boundaries, religious or otherwise. Agencies that help free one from these small cordons, such as the modern city, were cherished. As one character puts it: "The modern city ... is the locus classicus of incompatible realities. Lives that have no business mingling with one another sit side by side upon the omnibus." The novel piled up its oppositions: immigration, since it encourages metamorphosis and mix, is a necessary if difficult novelty; religious tradition, since it strangles metamorphosis, is an antique torture. And so on.

Readers have noticed that *Midnight's Children*, *Shame* and *The Satanic Verses* prefigure the destiny that later befell their author. All of them hint at the scourge awaiting he who blasphemes. Saleem Sinai, the narrator of *Midnight's Children*, hears voices and thinks that he might be a twentieth-century Muhammed. He is forced by his father to wash his mouth out with coal-tar soap for blaspheming against Allah. "At least the boy has the grace to admit he's gone too far," says his father. But Saleem, writes Rushdie, "was forever tainted with Bombayness, his head was full of all sorts of religions apart from Allah's." Rushdie's novels have this power of prolepsis precisely because they have such a strong sense of what they are about, such a strong urge to self-description.

In good and bad ways, then, Rushdie produces themed novels. This visible intellectual armature is what makes him one of the few English novelists with any philosophical seriousness. He is certainly one of the few English-language novelists interested in questions of faith and doubt. But there is a cost. These lectures or incursions of explicitness are stolen from their novels' drama. Rushdie's novels stint their own flexibility. One of the unintended ironies of *The Satanic Verses* is that it preaches its lesson of multivocality with such univocal doggedness. Its pluralities are so raucous that its tolerance toward "incompatible realities" begins to seem rather dogmatic.

More importantly, without dramatization and groundedness, Rushdie's secular warfare becomes abstract. Blasphemy is not an argument to be won; it is an anguish to be endured. And such a struggle cannot be a struggle if it is an abstraction, a matter of "atomisation" versus "fixity." Sometimes Rushdie's fiction behaves, formally and intellectually, as if ideas are battling in flaming skies high above real lives. Its supernatural artillery encourages this impression. The most affecting moments of *Shame* and *The Satanic Verses* were the most real—when the flying carpets and six-fingered mutations were silent. After all, the "incompatible realities" that a great city like London or Bombay contains are made up of millions of individualities, many of them rigidly unitary. As a group, they perhaps form a post-colonial or postmodern theory—a theory of crowds, in effect; as people, as individuals, they form obstacles to that theory, and should do so.

Rushdie seems to know this, to judge from his new novel. Though it carries a certain smugness about the superiority of "Bombayness" over fixity, it does not bully its characters into schema. Interestingly, this new ideological softening is accompanied by a muting of the writer's magical realism. The Zogoiby family lives comically, not unreally; it is as if Rushdie has discovered that comic inflation is magical anyway. The novel's realist energy burns off the occasional application of magic ointments. Moraes, for instance, tells us that he is monstrously tall, that he was born with a club hand—Naipaul's Mr. Biswas was born with six fingers: Indian magical realists have had a *faiblesse* for mangled or augmented digits—and that he is doomed to live his life at double speed. At 36, the age at which he narrates this novel, he looks like a man of 72. Unconvincingly, Rushdie wants to make his narrator as capacious as Bombay: "Like the city itself, Bombay of my joys and sorrows, I mushroomed into a huge urbane sprawl of a fellow." For most of his story, however, Moraes's fate is entirely irrelevant, and unless we are reminded, we forget about his freakishness. Rushdie makes his case for Bombayness not by means of sorcery but by means of realist evocation.

This is new in his work. Instead of the swoop of metamorphosis, Rushdie sparks memory's telepathy. This makes *The Moor's Last Sigh* an important departure for its author. Bombay is not forced to represent a virtue, but asked to live a condition. Moraes narrates his tale from Spain. He is in exile from the city of his birth. Rushdie has said that the most painful product of the *fatwa* has been that he cannot return to India, and to Bombay, his birthplace. Through Moraes, Rushdie tenderly revisits the city. Bombay shimmers in Moraes's mind as a citadel of ideal tolerance, an Indian Alhambra:

> Am I sentimentalising? Now that I have left it all behind, have I, among my many losses, also lost clear sight?—It may be said I have; but still I stand by my words. O Beautifiers of the City, did you not see that what was beautiful in Bombay was that it belonged to nobody, and to all? Did you not see the everyday live-and-let-live miracles thronging its overcrowded streets?

Rushdie's apostrophizing comes near the end of his novel. It moves us not just because we can detect its gentle autobiographical watermark, but because so much of the novel has brought Bombay's solidities, rather than its symbols, onto the page. On Bombay, Rushdie has lavished all his singing powers of description. Moraes shows us "the gracious old pharmacy at Kemp's Corner—this was long before it turned into the flyover-and-boutique spiritual wasteland it is today—and the Royal Barber Shop (where a master barber with a cleft palate offered a circumcision service as a sideline)." We move through old Parsi buildings, "all balconies and curlicues," and pass by Vijay Stores, "that numinous mixed business where you could buy both Time, with which you could polish your wooden furniture, and Hope, with which you could wipe your bum." Elsewhere, we

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visit "the fabulous turbulence of Crawford Market with its frieze by Kipling's dad, with its vendors of chickens both live and plastic," and the Zaveri Bazaar, "where jewellers sat like wise monkeys in tiny shops that were all mirrors and glass."

When Moraes, and so also Rushdie, celebrates what he calls "my inexhaustible Bombay of excess," he is not fighting a battle on behalf of pluralism so much as hurling us, and himself, into the combat of life. For this battle, the writer can arm us only with his richly abandoned details. It is all we deserve, and all this fine novel needs. •

The Fugitive

BY ROBERT CONQUEST

Trotsky: The Eternal Revolutionary by Dmitri Volkogonov translated and edited by Harold Shukman

(The Free Press, 524 pp., $32.50)

Colonel-General Dmitri Volkogonov's death in December, 1995, deprived Russia, and the world, of a man who indefatigably investigated the disgraceful secrets of the Soviet regime. The first of his cycle of books on this theme, *Stalin: Triumph and Tragedy*, which appeared in Russia in 1990, caused much offense in Communist circles; and in 1991 his sponsorship of an "anti-Soviet" draft history of World War II resulted in virulent denunciation at a specially called meeting of high party and army officials. After the regime's collapse, however, he was given charge of the Russian archives. Though he was often ill—he rose from his sickbed to intervene against the reactionary coup of October 1993—Volkogonov skillfully deployed those vast resources of secret material in *Trotsky: The Eternal Revolutionary*, which was published in Moscow in 1992, and in *Lenin: Life and Legend*, which appeared there in 1994. (The books have been published in the West in reverse order.) A final volume, on Soviet leaders from Lenin to Gorbachev, has just come out in Russia.

Volkogonov conscientiously used the material in Harvard and Amsterdam and the Nicolaevsky Collection at the Hoover Institution, but the majority of the documents that he deploys are in Moscow archives which had been previously closed to research. There is new material here, from a report of Red Army pogroms during the retreat from Poland in 1920 to the setting up of "special regime" camps in 1947 stricter than the normal gulag, for the worst quarter of a million "Trotskyites" and others. The book, it must be said, is a trifle discursive and repetitive. This is partly because it originally appeared in installments in the journal *Oktyabr* and partly because its subject's life was erratic and disjointed.

Volkogonov has also drawn some criticism for his "judgmental" presentation, as when he calls one of his chapters "The Madness of Revolution." This has been a major complaint from younger historians in Russia, though their main animus is against his semi-monopoly of access to the new documentation. Volkogonov was not, as he himself said, a professional historian. It would have been better, certainly, if a professional historian had undertaken the job. But there were no historians in Russia trained to deal with the Soviet period. Indeed, it was Volkogonov's start as a Stalinist military academic ten or twelve years ago that originally gave him his access.

Reading about Trotsky, one feels that the platitude about playing a part on the world stage is particularly appropriate. There is something exceptionally histrionic about him. It is true that all politics involves acting, but the parts differ. The part that Trotsky allotted himself, the one in which his personal psychodrama was played out, was the Charismatic Revolutionary. (Stalin did The Trusted Leader, and also The Ordinary Chap.)

Volkogonov tentatively agrees with the idea that Trotsky was more "Western" than most of the Bolsheviks, including, of course, Stalin. He was better read in Western literature and thought. He was clear about the long-standing causes of Russia's "backwardness." Trotsky would never have followed Stalin in praising Ivan the Terrible for rejecting things Western while blaming Peter the Great

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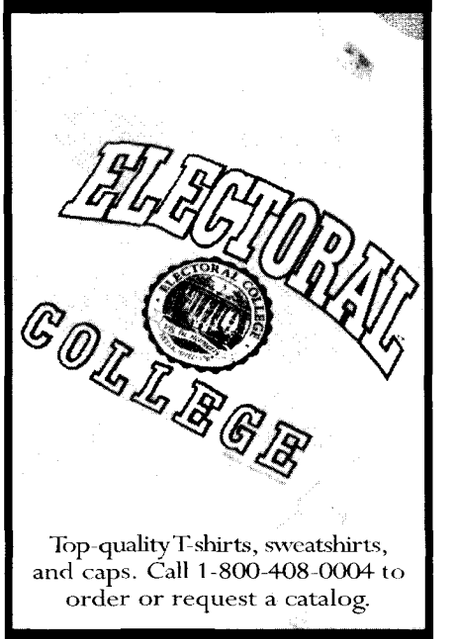

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for accepting them. Yet the Western idea that Trotsky accepted—the idea of revolution, and later of Marxism—was hardly the full flower of Western culture; and it was interpreted by Trotsky, as by Lenin and Stalin, from the perspective of a backward intelligentsia emerging from, and stamped by, despotism. Trotsky's mind may seem to be a very fine instrument, but it covered only a narrow band of the intellectual spectrum, which became narrower still when, in 1917, he accepted the sectarianism of the Bolsheviks.

Within those limits, however, he was certainly more "Western" than Stalin. This was owed partly to his time in cosmopolitan Odessa, partly to his Jewish background. Trotsky's Jewish origins meant little to him, and they were not the source of his revolutionism. (His father was a firm supporter of the autocracy.) Trotsky was much opposed to Judaism, to Zionism and to the Jewish social-democratic Bund—to anything specifically Jewish. Still, he understood the handicap of his Jewishness in a country like Russia, and after the Revolution he refused the People's Commissariat of the Interior on those grounds. To this day, indeed, there are Russians who, referring to Trotsky, Sverdlov and others, condemn the whole Bolshevik Revolution as a Jewish (or Jewish-Freemason) plot, and believe that the Cheka was largely led by Jews. This is ridiculous. A recent analysis in the *Journal of The Jewish University in Moscow* shows that there were fewer Jews than Latvians, and fewer Jews than Russians, in the Bolshevik secret police apparatus. Volkogonov does point out, though, that Stalin, who was later so anti-Semitic, was flexible enough to appoint Genrikh Yagoda to the Interior post in 1934. Yagoda was to be shot in 1938 as an accomplice of Trotsky's, but no racial attack was made on either one of them.

Trotsky's family, despite their disapproval of his politics, supported him financially. Volkogonov is good on this; good, too, on Trotsky's personal life, notably on the circumstances of his abandonment of his first wife and two small daughters in their exile in the far north, in order to leave Russia and to join the revolutionary work abroad. Thereafter Volkogonov covers all the familiar historical and biographical themes—the pre-war infighting, the seizure of power, the Brest-Litovsk negotiations, the civil war, the Party struggle in the 1920s, Trotsky's expulsion and life in exile, his murder. Nothing emerges that would substantially alter our understanding of Trotsky, but in every part of his narrative Volkogonov has deployed previously unknown detail, often in striking and illuminating fashion.

Thus there is light cast here on Trotsky's ruthlessness toward unsatisfactory Red Army officers (and other ranks) in the civil war, though Volkogonov has no difficulty in showing that this was on Lenin's orders, or with his backing. The whole atmosphere of the early post-revolutionary period is well developed, in all its manias. Lenin and Trotsky really believed that communism could be achieved by forced grain levies from the peasantry, which would bring the peasants into a cooperative relationship with the state. Money would soon be abolished. And so on. Trotsky himself was the strongest proponent of "labor armies" under which the population would be "militarily" organized to produce for the new order. What followed was disaster.

When Lenin inaugurated the NEP in 1921, saving at least the Party's political power from the wreck, he and the others still felt that the regime could hardly survive unless there were revolutions in Western Europe. The Politburo discussions, in 1923, on the planned Communist seizure of power in Germany—which, like earlier plans in 1919 and 1921, failed spectacularly in November of that year—are astonishingly naïve. (Stalin, to be fair, was less sanguine than the others.) But the idea that Trotsky stood for World Revolution and his opponents for the consolidation of the revolution at home is an oversimplification of the issues as they appeared to the Party membership. All the factions stood for World Revolution. And if Trotsky urged delusive schemes for launching the Red Army on Asia, his opponents were soon vigorously trying to Sovietize China, to be followed by India; and blaming each other for all the failures.

Trotsky's faults, as perceived in the Party, were impatience and imprudence. Trotsky could attract—and repel—by his "brilliance," but he could not manage the day-to-day work of the political struggle. And he behaved as if he thought that "winning" the argument would result in winning the vote. This became less and less true as he sank from power, until the discussions collapsed into screaming charges and throwing books and glasses. And then, of course, came expulsion from the leadership, exile and assassination.

Coming to the 1930s, Volkogonov treats Trotsky's personal and political life in exile, in Turkey, then Norway, then in Mexico. He gives us all the details of Trotsky's political activity (and also the details of his affair—in Volkogonov's view, unconsummated—with Frida Kahlo). Trotsky was endlessly energetic in organizing, or in trying to organize, opposition to Stalin and the Comintern; but, as the Menshevik Raphael Ambramovitch pointed out, he had nothing to say against the collectivization terror of 1930-1933. Quite the contrary. He took the view that Stalin had not gone far enough, and should not have allowed the collectivized peasants to keep their small private plots. Indeed, former Trotskyites in the Soviet Union had become reconciled to Stalinism precisely because it was seen as fulfilling the Bolshevik program.

The story of the years in exile is much enhanced by the fresh material from the Moscow secret police records. We now see the whole chain of NKVD infiltrations into the Trotsky ménage. Mark Zborowski, some of whose reports are published here, was the most successful. Described as "having left behind a trail of duplicity and blood worthy of a Shakespearean villain," Zborowski later came to America, where he combined espionage activities with academic work and co-authored a famous anthropological book about Jewish life in Eastern Europe called *Life is With People.* His Stalinist activities were exposed in the American press in 1955, and he was jailed for perjury in connection with convicted Soviet spies. (He died in San Francisco in 1990, where he had returned to a career in medical anthropology and, as Barbara Kirshenblatt-Gimblett unmordantly notes in her excellent introduction to the new Schocken edition of Zborowski's book, "made distinguished contributions to the study of pain.")

In the 1930s, Zborowski operated in Paris, where Trotsky's son Lev Sedov was in charge of the Trotskyite center. Here Zborowski arranged a number of brutal murders, though it is not clear that he killed Sedov himself. Volkogonov reports that, a few days after an operation for appendicitis in a clinic in Paris, Sedov "suffered a severe relapse with signs of poisoning" and died, at the age of 32, on February 16, 1938. "Zborowski reported Lev's illness to his Paris controller and Moscow was informed the same day," writes Volkogonov. But he concludes only that "there is no direct evidence in the NKVD archives to indicate that the secret police had a hand in his death."

The special savagery to be noted in Stalin's massacre of the families of his opponents is to be found naturally in his

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treatment of Trotsky's relations. Trotsky's other son, Sergei, totally unpolitical, was first jailed, then shot; as were his sister Olga, his brother Aleksandr, and both his sons-in-law. His first wife died in imprisonment. In fact, all his relations and former secretaries who survived in the Soviet Union beyond the mid-1930s were shot or sent to the Gulag, as were all former activists on the Trotskyite side.

All this leads up to the final drama: the assassination. In his recent memoir, Pavel Sudoplatov, the former NKVD operative who was directly in charge of the operation, has given a fuller account, but Volkogonov usefully supplements it. He tells again the story of the first attempt to kill Trotsky in Mexico City, when the Mexican painter Siquieros and twenty accomplices raked his bedroom with machine-gun fire, but succeeded only in slightly wounding his grandson. Volkogonov notes the murder of Trotsky's American guard Robert Sheldon Harte and suggests that he may have been silenced as an unreliable accomplice. But Sudoplatov makes it clear that he was silenced because he knew the identity of Josef Grigulevich, the underground NKVD officer who had come to the gate for admittance; and it is only fair to clear Harte's name.

After appeals from intellectuals on the grounds that "artists and men of science are considered as the bulwark of culture and progress," and a plea that the bullets had been fired, all 200 of them, only to intimidate, Siquieros was found guilty on the minor charge of stealing Trotsky's cars, and later he took refuge with the Stalinist poet Pablo Neruda. A few months later, in August 1940, came the actual murder, for which Ramon Mercader, his mother and five other NKVD officers were given high Soviet awards. And similar acts continued. A former secretary of Trotsky's was successfully poisoned in West Germany early in 1953, with the Minister of State Security reporting on the operation to Stalin's successors.

Volkogonov's evolution from his own past, which often required physical courage, left him with the view that the Bolshevik Revolution was a ghastly aberration. Volkogonov is opposed to Trotsky's ideology and exasperated by his theatricality, but he evinces a certain sympathy with his subject, especially in exile. Many would probably feel the same. Trotsky has the glamor of the Lost Cause. For most people, the decisive moments for Trotsky and Trotskyism are the great Moscow Trials of 1936-1938, at which he was allegedly

ROBERT SKIDELSKY

Author of *JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES*

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proven to be a terrorist agent of Hitler: thereafter, and to this day, whatever one's disagreements with Trotskyism, it at least stood for a truth, while Stalinism, and the Communist parties everywhere, stood for murder based on massive falsification.

How is it that this lie took in so many people the world over? Its career arouses profound qualms about the mentality of many Westerners, and many Western intellectuals, who were able to misinterpret even the evidence of their own senses. In Moscow in the 1930s, Malcolm Muggeridge ironically noted Quakers applauding tank parades, feminists ecstatic about women bowed down under a hundredweight of coal. Almost more repulsive is the way in which prominent Westerners were coopted by "personal" contact. H.G. Wells arrived in Moscow unfriendly to the USSR and was charmed into amity by Stalin. Harold Laski found the ghastly Vyskinsky the very model of a lawyer. Romain Rolland referred to the villainous Yagoda as "fine-featured, distinguished ... he speaks with sweetness; he is impregnated with sweetness."

I do not mean to suggest that all dupes were left-wingers or that all left-wingers were dupes. The millionaire Joseph Davis was as bad as any, while Fredrich Adler, the *Manchester Guardian*, the Independent Labor Party in Britain, the anarchists—and of course the Trotskyites—saw through the falsehoods at once. A main reason for Stalin's success seems to have been practical and operational: the orthodox Communist Parties were well financed by Moscow, but the Trotskyites remained feeble sects. In the more decisive ideological sense, however, many Western intellectuals had a commitment, somewhere below the level of critical thought, to believe in the righteousness of the socialist progressive USSR.

The extreme left, in any case, was now divided between the orthodox, who accepted and repeated the falsehoods about Trotsky and the other accused Bolsheviks, and the minority who could not swallow them. The famous black Trotskyite C.L.R. James remarked of the first Moscow Trial in 1936 that this would open people's eyes. A wiser colleague replied that, on the contrary, it would close them. The whole issue embittered much of the left intelligentsia. The late Julian Symons, a man of the radical left, said of those who believed Moscow that "they had not been deceived. In relation to the Soviet Union they had deceived themselves, and in the end one has to pay for such self-deceits." They paid in a coarsening of intellect and feeling.

Some of Volkogonov's most useful documents illustrate the Stalinist rewriting of history, especially the de-Trotskyization of the facts. A typical example is the proposal to revise the minutes of a Central Committee session on the Brest-Litovsk negotiations to correct Lenin's remark that "Stalin is wrong when he says we cannot sign" as obviously misreported. But the entire past was rewritten, culminating in the "Short Course" history of the Communist Party, printed in more than 40 million copies the world over as the international movement's scripture.

In Russia, the idea of Trotsky-Judas remained undebatable. Even at the Politburo level, Stalin, receiving in 1937 a letter from Trotsky to the Soviet government arguing for more liberty, wrote on it: "shameless spy for Hitler!" Then he made many of his colleagues countersign. In the terror, anything that resembled, or was made to resemble, Trotskyism was treated more ruthlessly than any other offense. One prison inmate saved his life by getting a police typist to drop the T from KRTD, or Counter-Revolutionary Trotskyite Activity, on his file, reducing his crime to mere Counter-Revolutionary Activity. As late as 1973, Leonid Brezhnev, at a secret session of the Politburo, was saying of Andrei Sakharov's support of the Jackson-Vanik Amendment that "this is not just an anti-State and anti-Soviet deed, but a Trotskyite deed."

Outside the Soviet Union, a Trotskyite tradition persisted. It included honest doctrinaire sectaries, but also those who maintained, and still maintain to this day, a tradition of veridical scholarship, as in the British Trotskyite journal *Revolutionary History*. The difference between these and the others is not based on the superiority of Trotskyite theory to Stalinist theory; and certainly it is no longer possible to entertain the idea that Trotsky himself would have been in any sense a beneficent ruler. What distinguishes the Trotskyite tradition of which I am speaking is its skepticism, its acceptance of the principle of critical thought. "Party differences ..." says one of Solzhenitsyn's characters, "are a ripple on the water." The important difference is "between decency and non-decency."

As to Trotsky's own record, Volkogonov generously and rightly concludes that Isaac Deutscher's biography is the best account of his life (though this overlooks the section on Trotsky in Bertram Wolfe's *Three Who Made A Revolution*). Its main competitor, Trotsky's autobiography, is not bad of its sort. Deutscher's work is not quite so partisan, but it is still heavily angled in favor of revolutionary dramatics. Deutscher looked forward to a time when statues of both Trotsky and Stalin would stand in Russia's public squares. Volkogonov's more modest achievement rises above such sectarian attitudes. His great contribution is to have given us a fair display of material not previously accessible, and thus a broader and fuller account of this strange being, and therefore of the whole Soviet phenomenon.

ROBERT CONQUEST is a Fellow of the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

Seascape

The island looked the same, the ocean too,
The same seascape in white and green and blue,

The same in every direction I could see,
Except that where she lay once next to me,

Where like a seawave bursting into white
Her body blossomed once in ocean light,

There on the burning sand, I saw the skull
Of what not long before had been a gull.

Naked it lay there, bright in the afternoon,
Lying as she once lay against that dune,

Lying as though a weary, shipwrecked wave,
Desperate to keep whatever it could save,

Had flung it down last winter on this beach,
Beyond where any summer wave could reach.

I picked it up then—as I would a shell—
To see what might have broken when it fell,

But in the sockets where the seagull eyes
Had flashed, I saw again the flash of thighs,

And there, for a moment, blindly on the sand,
I held her body blazing in my hand.

BEN LAFARGE

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All in the Family

By Mary-Lou Weisman

The Accidental Bond: The Power of Sibling Relationships by Susan Scarf Merrell

(Times Books, 320 pp., $23)

Dmitri, the emotional sensualist; Ivan, the cold, proud intellectual; and Alyosha, the saintly, trusting humanist: the brothers Karamazov were very different sorts of people. And what about the sisters Lear, the chaste, dutiful Cordelia, the tactless, cruel Goneril, and the scheming Regan? Shouldn't children who share a genetic heritage and grow up in the same families be far more like one another than not?

No. We may wish that to be true, but it's not. Siblings are vastly more different than they are alike. As Susan Scarf Merrell points out in her engaging overview of sibling relationships, more than a century of scientific research has pointed in the opposite direction: "Scientists have studied everything from height and weight to the incidence of cancer, from mental illness and alcoholism to personality characteristics such as liveliness, sociability and moodiness. What they find is that siblings only rarely share more of a particular propensity or trait than random members of the population."

We know that all siblings are created unequal in terms of temperamental and physical traits; a child has, roughly speaking, a 50 percent chance of inheriting the same gene as a sibling. In her thoughtful book, Merrell opens our eyes to the fact that siblings are not even born into the same family. The family into which I was born, if only by the occasion of my entrance into it, cannot be the same family environment into which my older sister entered three-and-a-half years earlier, during which period she reigned supreme. As Merrell points out, the opportunities for differentiation are endless. "This means that children who grow up in the same family not only have different experiences of that family but different experiences in the world . . . with parents and siblings, teachers and friends, by accident and on purpose—that ultimately make them more dissimilar than they were by nature."

Siblinghood may be accidental, but it is powerful. Merrell contends that the experience of being a sibling is as life-shaping as any of the relationships we will ever have. One of the relationships it influences most profoundly is marriage. For it is our siblings who are the first important peers we come to know, and it is in living with them that we learn our earliest lessons about comparing, competing and cooperating—what Merrell calls the "Three Cs" of early family life.

Merrell's book is organized around a series of revealing interviews with eight sets of adult siblings. Their relationships run the gamut from the committed friendship of two loving sisters, to the hyper-responsible parent-child relationship of an older sister and her troubled younger brother, to the quasi-incestuous ties between a divorced brother and his two much younger stepsisters. Each of these case-studies focuses upon a salient issue: the development of sibling relationships over time; the pleasures and pains of being an only child; the experience of twinship; the unconscious act of "deidentification," the self-protective trick of becoming as unlike one's sibling as possible in order to head off competitive, rivalrous feelings.

Merrell maintains her professional researcher's distance from her subjects without sacrificing her talent for creating complicated and empathetic characters out of what might, in less talented hands, be a routine collection of case histories. And so one of the pleasures offered by her book is the likelihood of running into oneself in all one's sibling splendor. I recognized myself and my sister in the persons of Laura and Sara Patch, who recalled what purported to be the same incident, but remembered it in radically different ways. When Sara and Laura's European vacation came to an abrupt halt it was, in Sara's view, because jealous Laura had managed to blow the whistle on a secret love-affair that Sara was having. As Laura recalled it, the European vacation had simply ended uneventfully. When I recall my finest Oedipal moment, I am alone in a snowstorm with my father, out for hot chocolate at the local drug store, and my sister is not there. And that is how my sister remembers the incident, too, except in her version I'm not there.

The identical Francis twins had the opposite experience. Merrell vividly describes them as "so deeply connected that, in telling each other's life stories, each sister would provide the same perspective on events whether she was talking about herself or her sister. It was as if they were two distinct people with one shared memory bank. Their lives moved forward on parallel tracks, but then closed behind them like a zipper." Penelope and Paula Francis, in their 40s, were separate and distinct persons in terms of certain central personality traits, preferences in friends and even taste in furniture. While they had no problem acknowledging their differences, they clearly prized the special bond of twinness that, as Penelope described it, sounds like the Platonic myth: "We were one being who separated into two." Penelope relates a story to Merrell about the time she was riding up an escalator in a department store when she saw her sister Paula on the adjacent set of moving stairs and suggested lunch—and suddenly realized that she was shouting at her own reflection in a mirror.

The sibling bond, as Merrell rightly observes, is the least appreciated and examined of all familial and emotional connections. "Our brothers and sisters are there with us from the dawn of our personal stories to the inevitable dusk. If we begin at the beginning, we find them, immutable presences in childhood existence. Imps and angels simultaneously, they hover on the sidelines of all the other choices and connections—spouses, professions, children, friendships—that we make, sometimes lending a hand or ear but often simply taken for granted as carved totems, static presences with limited and very clear dimensions." I would have liked to hear about siblings whose relationship had ended in an emotional cutoff; but Merrell's account is otherwise pretty comprehensive. Her book is a rich source of fascinating material about the complex realities of siblinghood and a valuable commentary on the impact that these little-studied relationships have upon our lives.

Mary-Lou Weisman is the author of *Intensive Care* (Random House).

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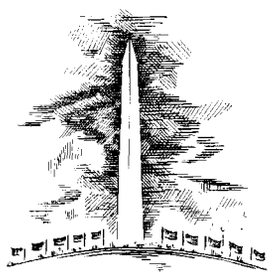
WASHINGTON DIARIST

Wizards

EVERY FOUR YEARS IN THE OLD comic strip "Bloom County," the characters would reassemble the Meadow Party, hold a convention and run a presidential campaign. In 1984 the party hired a pollster with computerized data to determine what image the public was looking for in a candidate. The pollster's answer: chocolate eclair. After initial disbelief, the Meadow candidate, Penguin Opus, dutifully tromped door-to-door dressed as a chocolate eclair. (It turned out that the pollster had accidentally mixed up his polling data with his mother's recipe files.) Twelve years later, this scenario has come to eerie life in the campaign waged by the former governor of Tennessee. After determining what image the American people wanted—Washington Outsider—Lamar Alexander marched across New Hampshire dressed, absurdly, like a lumberjack. (OK, a Gap Lumberjack.) His entourage has followed suit. The effect is sinister, like those photos of Saddam Hussein's inner circle all outfitted in berets and mustaches. Maybe in Iraq this get-up sends the message "Baghdad Outsider." Recently, however, Lamar has backtracked. Bill Bennett, a Lamarite, explained that Alexander would be phasing out the plaid in favor of a suit. Doesn't Alexander realize that you're not supposed to ditch your populist persona until *after* you're elected?

LAST WEEK TNR RAN A NOTEbook item detailing how David Owen and Misha Glenny fawningly reviewed one another's books. Sure, book-blurb logrolling is sleazy, but it's more dignified than the alternative: abjectly failing to get any positive comments at all. This malady afflicts a Whitewater book by one A.K. Karsky now circulating in our office. One blurb reads: "Thanks for *The Whitewater Tidal Wave.* Every American taxpayer is affected."—"The Oprah Winfrey Show." Not only is this quote not from Oprah herself, it's not even praise; the book's title is ... *The Whitewater Tidal Wave: Every American Taxpayer is Affected.* The others are more variations on the form-letter response: "Best wishes on this book."—Governor Christine Todd Whitman. "We appreciate your shared interest in seeing America's greatness restored through a return to moral strength."—Christian Coalition. And my favorite: "We are eager to handle the Japanese rights on your Whitewater book."—Japan Uni Agency. The only actual tribute comes from George Will, who writes, "I wish you well with what will be, I am sure, a successful book." Look for Will's next book to flaunt a laudatory blurb from A.K. Karsky.

REMEMBER THE BUDGET CRISIS? Since the Washington press corps has been in Iowa and New Hampshire for a month, it's up to me to keep you updated: we still don't have a plan. To briefly review the major positions: last spring President Clinton released a budget that came to balance in infinite years. In rapid succession that time frame was shortened to ten, nine, seven (by White House calculations) and then seven by congressional calculations, which is where Newt Gingrich and Bob Dole also stand. Although they received no publicity for it, a smattering of Republicans in Congress recently drew up a six-year balanced budget. Phil Gramm, before he dropped out of the race, promised to get it done in four. Morry Taylor, meanwhile, has trucked around the country claiming he can eliminate the deficit in eighteen months.



WHY DO WE *NEED* TO BALANCE the budget? The main policy reason—Newt Gingrich's intuition is *not* a policy reason—is that interest payments on the national debt are soaking up close to 20 percent of the annual budget. OK, fine. The problem is, none of the solutions on the table would solve that. We accumulated most of this debt during the Reagan and Bush years. Even if we balance the budget *now*, we're going to have to make interest payments on it. Our options have been limited to those that will maintain a huge national debt. Until now. I propose that we balance the budget not in seven years or even tomorrow but fifteen years ago, retroactively to 1981. Here's how it would work. Appoint a committee of budget hawks to go through every federal budget since 1981, compile a list of unnecessary tax cuts and spending increases, find out who benefited and demand our money back. With the national debt nearly gone and no interest payments to make, the budget would already be balanced without cutting another dime in spending. Isn't it fairest that the burden of deficit reduction fall on exactly those people who enjoyed deficit spending? Now, I can see the objection: it's unfair to ask for retroactive sacrifice. But there's precedent. In 1993 Clinton included a retro-active tax increase. And some GOP hard-liners are still pushing for a tax cut on capital gains purchased after January 1, 1995 (apparently as an incentive to stimulate investment for those with access to time travel). What the government retroactively giveth, the government can retroactively taketh away.

WHILE I'M DOLING OUT POLICY solutions, I thought I'd tackle an even more vexing controversy: coming up with a new nickname for our NBA franchise, The Team Formerly Known As The Washington Bullets. Last year, the team's owner, Abe Pollin, decided that "Bullets" was an inappropriate moniker in a city plagued with endemic gun violence. The fans voted on the new name but, as with the budget, our choices were artificially confined, in this case to the five selected by Pollin's committee: Express, Dragons, Stallions, Sea Dogs and the winning choice, Wizards. Pollin reportedly stacked the deck in favor of Wizards—which has the benefit of alliteration but the drawback of association with the Ku Klux Klan—and on February 22 he announced it was official. Pollin probably figures that the city's gun violence problem is more pressing than its Klan problem, although this could change if Pat Buchanan and his supporters move into the White House. *The Washington Post* sports page crusaded against the choices, arguing, reasonably enough, that the nickname should have something to do with the city—as in the Philadelphia 76ers, Denver Nuggets, etc. The reason Pollin steered clear of this approach, no doubt, is that NBA team revenues increasingly depend upon merchandise sales in other cities. Unfortunately, the culture of Washington is so hated in the hinterlands that even politicians who are trying desperately to get here display open contempt for it. So you want a nickname that reflects Washington culture while still appealing to angry anti-Washington populism. I've found a way out of this dilemma: market the team the same way Washington politicians market themselves across the country. Call the team the Washington Outsiders. The players could don red flannel uniforms and, when on the road, babble on about how happy they are to be outside the Beltway. During home games, of course, the team would be called the Washington Insiders.

JONATHAN CHAIT

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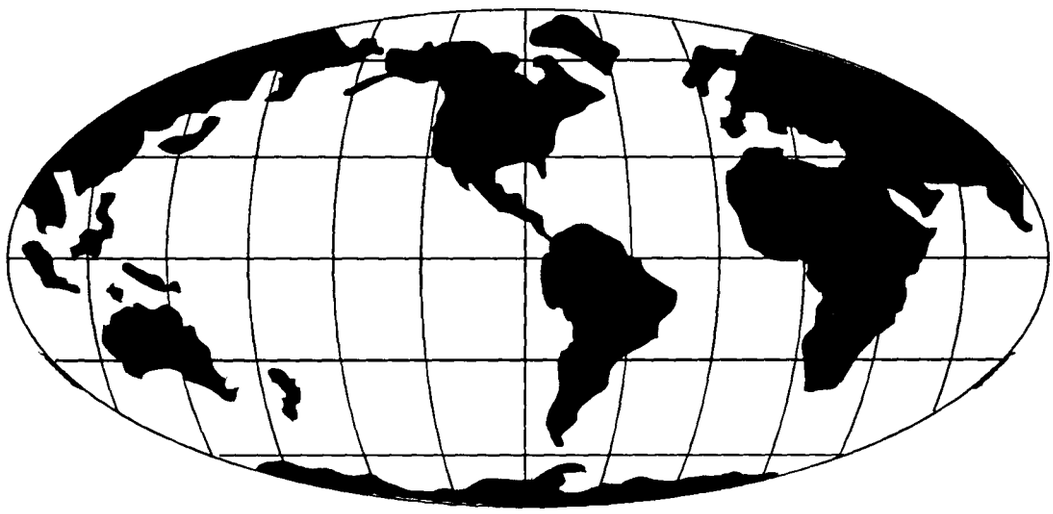

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